THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2147.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY H. M. PRATT.

"Beautiful boy!" Only this we had thought him,—
Only a boy, with a boy's careless heart;
Yesterday, women had gulded and taught him,—
To-day of the Nation's brave manhood he's part!

Bright beams his face with heroic emotion,
As the proud "Roll-Call of Heroes" he signs,—
Blazes his blue eye with Patriot devotion,—
Lifts his fair brow into manlier lines.

Will he return to us, honored and manly?
Even as he leaves us now, noble and pure?
Though it be long, if he cling but to Virtue,
Patiently we will his absence endure.

Ah! but the dear head, perchance, will be lying,
Trampled and gashed, on the desolate plain;
Ah! he may soon in a prison be dying,
Lone, amid traitors, in sorrow and pain.

God! let Thy strength to our spirits be given,
That, if this be, we have courage to bear:
Better the battle-field gave him to Heaven,
Than the whole Nation lie crushed in despair.

REBELS FIRING INTO A TRAIN NEAR MANASSAS.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post, from a picture in the "Illustrated News," represents the firing by the rebels into a railroad train at Manassas, on the 26th of May.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAN'S REMEDY FOR A COLD.

A cold, bright day in mid-winter. Luncheon was just over at Deerham Court, and Lady Verner, Decima, and Lucy Tempest had gathered round the fire in the dining-room. Lucy had a cold. *She* laughed at it; said she was used to colds; but Lady Verner had insisted upon her wrapping herself in a shawl, and not stirring out of the dining-room for the day—which was the warmest room in the house. So there reclined Lucy in state, in an arm-chair with cushions; half laughing at being made into an invalid, half rebelling at it.

Lady Verner sat opposite to her. She wore a rich, black silk dress—the mourning for Mrs. Verner—and a white lace cap of the finest guipure. The white gloves on her hands were without a wrinkle, and her curiously fine handkerchief lay on her lap. Lady Verner could indulge her taste for snowy gloves and for delicate handkerchiefs now, untroubled by the thought of the money they cost. The addition to her income, which she had spurned from Stephen Verner, she accepted largely from Lionel. Lionel was liberal as a man and as a son. He would have given the half of his fortune to his mother, and not said "It is a gift." Deerham Court had its carriage and horses now, and Deerham Court had its additional servants. Lady Verner visited and received company, and the look of care had gone from her face, and the querulousness from her tone.

But it was in Lady Verner's nature to make a trouble of things; and if she could not do it in a large way, she must do it in a small. To-day occurred this cold of Lucy's, and that afforded scope for Lady Verner. She sent for Jan as soon as breakfast was over, in defiance of the laughing protestations of Lucy. But Jan had not made his appearance yet, and Lady Verner waxed wrath.

He was coming in now. Now, as the servants were carrying out the luncheon-tray, entering by his usual mode—the back-door—and nearly knocking over the servant and tray in his haste, as his long legs strode to the dining-room. Lady Verner had left off reproaching Jan with using the servant's entrance, finding it waste of breath; Jan would have come down the chimney with the sweeps, had it saved him a minute's time.

"Who's ill?" asked he.

Lady Verner answered the question by a sharp reprimand, touching Jan's tardiness.

"I can't be in two places at once," good humoredly replied Jan. "I have been with one patient since four o'clock this morning, until five minutes ago. Who is it that's ill?"

Lucy explained her ailments, giving Jan her own view of them; that there was nothing the matter with her but a bit of a cold.

"Law!" contemptuously returned Jan. "If I didn't think somebody must be dying! Cheese said they'd been after me about six times!"

"If you don't like to attend Miss Tempest, you can let it alone," said Lady Verner. "I can send elsewhere."

"I'll attend anybody that I'm wanted to attend," said Jan. "Where d'ye feel the symptoms of the cold?" asked he of Lucy. "In the head or chest?"

"I am beginning to feel them a little here," replied Lucy, touching her chest.

"Only beginning to feel them, Miss Lucy?"

"Only beginning, Jan."

"Well then, you just wring out a long strip of rag in cold water, and put it round your neck, letting the ends rest on the chest," said Jan. "A double piece, from two to three inches broad. It must be covered outside with thin water-proof skin to keep the wet in; you know what I mean; Decima's got some; oil-skin's too thick. And get a lot of toast and water, or lemonade; any liquid you like; and sip a drop of it every minute, letting it go down your throat slowly. You'll soon get rid of your sore chest if you do this; and you'll have no cough."

Lady Verner listened to these directions of Jan's in unqualified amazement. She had been accustomed to the very professional remedies of Dr. West. Decima laughed.

"Jan," said she, "I could fancy an old woman prescribing this, but not a doctor."

"It'll cure," returned Jan. "It will prevent the cough coming on; and prevention's better than cure. You try it at once, Miss Lucy; and you'll soon see. You will know then what to do if you catch cold in future."

"Jan," interposed Lady Verner, "I consider the very mention of such remedies beneath the dignity of a medical man."

Jan opened his eyes.

"But if they are the best remedies, mother?"

"At any rate, Jan, if this is your fashion of prescribing, you will not fill your pockets," said Decima.

"I don't want to fill my pockets by robbing people," returned plain Jan. "If I know a remedy that costs nothing, why shouldn't I let my patients have the benefit of it, instead of charging them for drugs that won't do half the good?"

"Jan," said Lucy, "if it cost gold, I should try it. I have great faith in what you say."

"All right," replied Jan. "But it must be done at once, mind. If you let the cold get ahead first, it will not be so efficacious. And now good day to you all, for I must be off to my patients. Good bye, mother."

Away went Jan. And, amidst much laughter from Lucy, the wet "rag," Jan's elegant phrase for it, was put round her neck, and covered up. Lionel came in, and they amused him by reciting Jan's prescription.

"It is this house which has given her the cold," grumbled Lady Verner, who invariably laid faults and misfortunes upon something or somebody. "The servants are for ever opening that side door, and then there comes a current of air throughout the passages. Lionel, I am not sure but I shall leave Deerham Court."

Lionel leaned against the mantle-piece, a smile upon his face. He had completely recovered his good looks, scared away, though they had been for a time, by his illness. He was in deep mourning for Mrs. Verner. Decima looked up, surprised at Lady Verner's last sentence.

"Leave Deerham Court, mamma! When you are so much attached to it!"

"I don't dislike it," acknowledged Lady Verner. "But it suited me better when we were living quietly, than it does now. If I could find a larger house with the same conveniences, and in an agreeable situation, I might leave this."

Decima did not reply. She felt sure that her mother was attached to the house, and would never quit it. Her eyes said as much as they encountered Lionel's.

"I wish my mother would leave Deerham Court!" he said aloud.

Lady Verner turned to him.

"Why should you wish it, Lionel?"

"I wish you would leave it to come to me, mother. Verner's Pride wants a mistress."

"It will not find one in me," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man, Lionel, I might then come. Not as it is."

"What difference can my age make?" asked he.

"Every difference," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man, you might not be thinking of getting married; as it is, you will be. Your wife will reign at Verner's Pride, Lionel."

Lionel made no answer.

"You *will* be marrying sometime, I suppose?" reiterated Lady Verner, with emphasis.

"I suppose I shall be," replied Lionel; and his eyes, as he spoke, involuntarily strayed to Lucy. She caught the look, and blushed vividly.

"How much of that do you intend to drink, Miss Lucy?" asked Lionel, as she sipped the tumbler of lemonade, at her elbow.

"Ever so many tumblers of it," she answered. "Jan said I was to keep sipping it all day long. The water, going down slowly, heals the chest."

"I believe if Jan told you to drink boiling water, you'd do it, Lucy," cried Lady Verner. "You seem to fall in with all he says."

"Because I like him, Lady Verner. Because I have faith in him; and if Jan prescribes a thing, I know that he has faith in it."

"It is not displaying a refined taste, to like Jan," observed Lady Verner, intending the words as a covert reprimand to Lucy.

But Lucy stood up for Jan. Even at the dread of openly disagreeing with Lady Verner, Lucy would not be unjust to one whom she deemed of sterling worth.

"I like Jan very much," said she, resolutely, in her championship. "There's nobody I like so well as Jan, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner made a slight movement with her shoulders. It was almost as much as to say that Lucy was growing hopelessly incorrigible, like Jan. Lionel turned to Lucy.

"*Nobody* you like so well as Jan, did you say?"

Poor Lucy! If the look of Lionel, just before, had brought the hot blush to her cheek, that blush was nothing compared to the glowing crimson which mantled there now. She had not been thinking of one sort of liking when she so spoke of Jan; the words had come forth in the honest simplicity of her heart.

Did Lionel read the signs aright, as her eyes fell before his? Very probably. A smile stole over his lips.

"I do like Jan very much," stammered Lucy, essaying to mend the matter. "I *may* like him, I suppose. There's no harm in it."

"Oh! no harm, certainly," spoke Lady Verner, with a spice of irony. "I never thought Jan could be a favorite before. Not being fastidiously polished yourself, Lucy—forgive my saying it—you entertain, I conclude, a fellow feeling for Jan."

Lucy—for Jan's sake—would not be beaten.

"Don't you think it is better to be like Jan, Lady Verner, than—than—like Dr. West, for instance!"

"In what way!" returned Lady Verner.

"Jan is so true," debated Lucy, ignoring the question.

"And Dr. West was not, I suppose," retorted Lady Verner. "He wrote false prescriptions, perhaps? Gave false advice?"

Lucy looked a little foolish.

"I will tell you the difference, as it seems to me, between Jan and other people," she said. "Jan is like a rough diamond—real within, unpolished without—but a genuine diamond withal. Many others are but the imitation stone—glittering outside, false within."

Lionel was amused.

"Am I one of the false ones, Miss Lucy?"

She took the question literally.

"No; you are true," she answered, shaking her head, and speaking with grave earnestness.

"Lucy, my dear, I would not espouse Jan's cause so warmly, were I you," advised Lady Verner. "It might be misconstrued."

"How so?" simply asked Lucy.

"It might be thought that you—pray excuse the common vulgarity of the suggestion—were in love with Jan."

"In love with Jan!" Lucy paused for a moment after the words, and then burst into a merry fit of laughter. "Oh, Lady Verner! I cannot fancy anybody falling in love with Jan. I don't think he would know what to do."

"I don't think he would," quietly replied Lady Verner.

A peal at the courtyard bell, and the letting down the steps of a carriage. Visitors for Lady Verner. They were shown to the drawing-room, and the servant came in.

"The Countess of Elmsley and Lady Mary, my lady."

Lady Verner rose with alacrity. They were favorite friends of hers—nearly the only close friends she had made in her retirement.

"Lucy, you must not venture into the drawing room," she stayed to say. "The room is colder than this. Come."

The last "come" was addressed conjointly to her son and daughter. Decima responded to it, and followed; Lionel remained where he was.

"The cold room would not hurt me, but I am glad not to go," began Lucy, subsiding into a more easy tone, a more social manner, than she ventured on in the presence of Lady Verner. "I think morning visiting the greatest waste of time! I wonder who invented it?"

"Somebody who wanted to kill time," answered Lionel.

"It is not like friends, who really care for each other, meeting and talking. The calls are made just for form's sake, and for nothing else. *I* will never fall into it when I am my own mistress."

"When is that to be?" asked Lionel, smiling.

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, looking up at him in all confiding simplicity. "When papa comes home, I suppose."

Lionel crossed over to where she was sitting.

"Lucy, I thank you for your partisanship of Jan," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "I do not believe anybody living knows his worth."

"Yes; for I do," she replied, her eyes sparkling.

"Only don't you get to like him too much—as Lady Verner hinted," continued Lionel, his eyes dancing with merriment at his own words.

Lucy's eyelashes fell on her hot cheek.

"Please not to be so foolish," she answered, in a pleading tone.

"Or a certain place—that has been mentioned this morning—might have to go without a mistress for good," he whispered.

What makes him say it? It is true he spoke in a light, joking tone; but the words were not justifiable, unless he meant to follow them up seriously in future. He *did* mean to do so when he spoke them.

Decima came in, sent by Lady Verner to demand Lionel's attendance.

"I am coming directly," replied Lionel.

And Decima went back again.

"You ought to take Jan to live at Verner's Pride," said Lucy to him, the words unconsciously proving that she had understood Lionel's allusion to it. "If he were my brother, I would not let him be always slaving himself at his profession."

"If he were your brother, Lucy, you would find that Jan would slave just as he does now, in spite of you. Were Jan to come into Verner's Pride to-morrow, through my death, I really believe he would let it, and live on where he does, and doctor the parish to the end of time."

"Will Verner's Pride go to Jan after you?"

"That depends. It would, were I to die as I am now, a single man. But I may have a wife and children some time, Lucy."

"So you may," said Lucy, filling up her tumbler from the jug of lemonade. "Please to go into the drawing-room now, or Lady Verner will be angry. Mary Elmsley's there, you know."

She gave him a saucy glance from her soft bright eyes. Lionel laughed.

"Who made you wise about Mary Elmsley, young lady?"

"Lady Verner," was the answer, her voice subsiding into a confidential tone. "She tells us all about it, me and Decima, when we are sitting by the fire of an evening. *She* is to be the mistress of Verner's Pride."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel. "She is, is she. Lucy?"

"Well?"

"If that mistress-ship—is there such a word?—ever comes to pass, I shall not be the master of it."

Lucy looked pleased.

"That is just what Decima says. She says it to Lady Verner. I wish you would go to them."

"So I will. Good-bye. I shall not come in again. I have a hundred and one things to do this afternoon."

He took her hand and held it. She, ever courteous of manner, simple though she was, rose and stood before him to say her adieu, her eyes raised to his, her pretty face upturned.

Lionel gazed down upon it. And, as he had forgotten himself once before, so he now forgot himself again. He clasped it to him with a sudden movement of affection, and left on it some fervent kisses, whispering tenderly:

"Take care of yourself, my darling Lucy!"

Leaving her to make the best of the business, Mr. Lionel proceeded to the drawing-room. A few minutes' stay in it, and then he pleaded an engagement, and departed.

Things were changed now out of doors. There was no dissatisfaction, no complaining. Roy was deposed from his petty authority, and all men were at peace. With the exception, possibly, of Mr. Peckaby. Mr. Peckaby did not find his shop flourish. Indeed, far from flourishing, so completely was it deserted, that he was fain to give up the trade, and accept work at Chuff, the blacksmith's forge, to which employment, it appeared, he had been brought up. A few stale articles remained in the shop, and the counters remained; chiefly for show. Mrs. Peckaby made a pretence of attending to customers; but she did not get two in a week. And if those two entered, they could not be served, for she was pretty sure to be out, gossiping.

This state of things did not please Mrs. Peckaby. In one point of view the falling of the trade pleased her, because it left her less work to do; but she did not like the falling of their income. Whether the shop had been actually theirs, or whether it had been Roy's, there was no doubt that they had drawn sufficient from it to live comfortably and to find Mrs. Peckaby in smart caps. This source was gone, and all they had now was an ignominious fourteen shillings a week, which Peckaby earned. The prevalent opinion in Clay Lane was, that this was quite as much as Peckaby deserved; and that was a special piece of undeserved good fortune which had taken off the blacksmith's brother and assistant in the nick of time, Joe Chuff, to make room for him. Mrs. Peckaby, however, was in a state

of semi-rebellion; the worse, that she did not know upon whom to visit, or see any remedy. She took to passing her time in groaning and tears, somewhat after the fashion of Dinah Roy, venting her complaints upon anybody that would listen to her.

Lionel had not said to the men, "You shall leave Peckaby's shop." He had not even hinted to them that it might be desirable to leave it. In short, he had not interfered. But, the restraint of Roy being removed from the men, they quitted it of their own accord. "No more Roy; no more Peckaby; no more grinding down—hurrah!" shouted they, and went back to the old shops in the village.

All sorts of improvements had Lionel begun. That is, he had planned them: begun yet, they were not. Building better tenements for the laborers, repairing and draining the old ones, adding whatever might be wanted to make the dwellings healthy: draining, ditching, hedging. "It shall not be said that while I live in a palace, my poor live in pigsties," said Lionel to Mr. Bitterworth, one day. "I'll do what I can to drive that periodical ague from the place."

"Have you counted the cost?" was Mr. Bitterworth's rejoinder.

"No," said Lionel. "I don't intend to count it. Whatever the changes may cost I shall carry them out."

And Lionel, like other new schemers, was red hot upon them. He drew out plans in his head and with his pencil; he consulted architects, he spent half his days with builders. Lionel was astonished at the mean, petty acts of past tyranny which came to light, exercised by Roy: far more than he had had any idea of. He blushed for himself and for his uncle, that such a state of things had been allowed to go on: he wondered that it could have gone on: that he had been blind to so much of it, or that the men had not exercised Lynch law upon Roy.

Roy had taken his place in the brickyard, as workman; but Lionel, in the anger of the moment, when these things came out, felt inclined to spurn him from the land. He would have done it but for his promise to the man himself; and for the pale sad face of Mrs. Roy. In the hour when his anger was at its height, the woman came up to Verner's Pride stealthily, as it seemed, and craved him to write to Australia, "now he was a grand gentleman," and ask the "folks over there" if they could send back news of her son. "It's going on a twelvemonth since he writed to us, sir, and we don't know where to write to him, and I'm a'most fretted into my grave."

"My opinion is, that he is coming home," said Lionel.

"Heaven sink the ship first!" she involuntarily muttered, and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lionel. "Don't you want him to come home?"

"No, sir. No."

"But why? Are you fearing"—he jumped to the most probable solution of her words that he could suggest—"are you fearing that he and Roy would not agree?—that there would be unpleasant scenes between them, as there used to be?"

The woman had her face buried in her hands, and she never lifted it as she answered, in a stifled voice, "It's what I'm a fearing, sir."

Lionel could not quite understand her. He thought her more weak and silly than usual.

"But he is not coming home," she resumed. "No, sir, I don't believe that England will ever see him again: and it's best as it is, for there's nothing but care and sorrow here, in the old country. But I'd like to know what's become of him; whether he is alive or dead, whether he is starving or in comfort. "Oh, sir!" she added, with a burst of wailing anguish, "write for me, and ask news of him! They'd answer *you*. My heart is aching for it."

He did not explain to her then, how very uncertain was the fate of emigrants to that country; how next to impossible it might be to obtain intelligence of an obscure young man like Luke: he contented himself with giving her what he thought would be better comfort.

"Mrs. Frederick Massingbird will be returning in the course of a few months, and I think she may bring news of him. Should she not, I will see what inquiries can be made."

"Will she be coming soon, sir?"

"In two or three months, I should suppose. The Miss Wests may be able to tell you more definitely, if they have heard from her."

"Thank ye, sir; then I'll wait till she's home. You'll not tell Roy that I have been up here, sir?"

"Not I," said Lionel. "I was debating, when you came in, whether I should not turn Roy off the estate altogether. His past conduct to the men has been disgraceful."

"Ay, it have, sir! But it was my fate to marry him, and I have had to look on in quiet, and see things done, not daring to say as my soul's my own. It's not my fault, sir."

Lionel knew that it was not. He pitied her, rather than blamed.

"Will you go into the servants' hall and eat something after your walk?" he asked kindly.

"No, sir, many thanks. I don't want to see the servants. They might get telling that I have been here."

She stole out from his presence, her pale, sad face, her evidently deep sorrow, whatever might be its source, making a vivid impression upon Lionel. But for that sad face, he might have dealt more harshly with her husband. And so Roy was tolerated still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACK AGAIN!

Lionel Verner had pleaded an engagement, as an excuse for quitting his mother's drawing-room and her guests. It must have been at home, we must suppose, for he took his way straight towards Verner's Pride, sauntering through the village as if he had leisure to look about him, his thoughts deep in his projected improvements.

Here, a piece of stagnant water was to be filled in; there, was the site of his new tenements; yonder, was the spot for a projected library and reading-room; on, he walked, throwing his glances everywhere. As he neared the shop of Mrs. Duff, a man came suddenly in view, facing him: a little man, in a suit of rusty black, and a white neckcloth, with a pale face and red whiskers, whom Lionel remembered to have seen once before, a day or two previously. As soon as he caught sight of Lionel he turned short off, crossed the street, and darted out of sight down the Belvidere Road.

"That looks as though he wanted to avoid me," thought Lionel. "I wonder who he may be? Do you know who that man is, Mrs. Duff?" asked he aloud. For that lady was taking the air at her shop-door, and had watched the movement.

"I don't know much about him, sir. He have been a stopping in the place this day or two. What did I hear his name was, again?" added Mrs. Duff, putting her fingers to her temples in a considering fit. "Jarrum, I think. Yes, that was it. Brother Jarrum, sir."

"Brother Jarrum?" repeated Lionel, uncertain whether the "Brother" might be spoken in a social point of view, or was a name bestowed upon the gentleman in baptism.

"He's a missionary from abroad, or something of that sort, sir. He is come to see what he can do towards converting us."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel, his lip curling with a smile. The man's face had not taken his fancy. "Honest missionaries do not need run away to avoid meeting people, Mrs. Duff."

"He have got cross eyes," responded Mrs. Duff. "Perhaps that's a reason he mayn't like to look gentlefolks in the face, sir."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well, now, sir, I did hear," replied Mrs. Duff, putting on her considering cap again. "It were some religious place, sir, that's talked of a good deal in the Bible. Jericho, were it? No. It began with a J, though. Oh, I have got it, sir! It were Jerusalem. He comes all the way from Jerusalem."

"Where is he lodging?" continued Lionel.

"He have been lodging at the George and Dragon, sir. But to-day he have gone and took that spare room as the Peckabys have wanted to let, since their custom fell off."

"He means to make a stay, then?"

"It looks like it, sir. Susan Peckaby, she were in here half an-hour ago, a-buying new ribbons for a cap, all agog with it. He's a-going to hold forth in their shop, she says, and see how many of the parish he can turn into saints. I says it won't be a bad 'turn,' sir, if it keeps the men from the beer-houses."

Lionel laughed as he went on. He supposed it was a new movement that would have its brief day and then be over, leaving results neither good nor bad behind it; and he dismissed the man from his memory.

He walked on in the elasticity of his youth and health. All nature seemed to be smiling around him. Outward things take their hue very much from the inward feelings, and Lionel felt happier than he had done for months and months. Had the image of Lucy Tempest anything to do with this? No—nothing. He had not yet grown to love Lucy in that idolizing manner, as to bring her ever present to him. He was thinking of the change in his own fortunes; he cast his eyes around to the right and the left, and they rested on his own domains—domains which had for a time been wrested from him; and as his quick steps rung on the frosty road, his heart went up in thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Just before he reached Verner's Pride, he overtook Mr. Bitterworth, who was leaning against a road-side gate. He had been attacked by sudden giddiness, he said, and asked Lionel to give him an arm home. Lionel proposed that he should come in and remain for a while at Verner's Pride; but Mr. Bitterworth preferred to go home.

"It is one of my bilious attacks coming on," he remarked, as they went along. "I have not had a bad one for this four months."

Lionel took him safe home, and remained with him for some time, talking; the chief theme being his own contemplated improvements; of that topic, Lionel never tired. Altogether, it was late when he reached Verner's Pride. Night had set in, and his dinner was waiting.

He ate it hurriedly—he mostly did eat hurriedly when he was alone, as if he were glad to get it over—Tynn waiting on him. Tynn liked to wait upon his young master. Tynn had been in a state of glowing delight since the accession of Lionel. Attached to the old family, Tynn had felt it almost as keenly as Lionel himself, when the estate had lapsed to the Massingbirds. Mrs. Tynn was in a glow of delight also. There was no mistress, and she ruled the household, including Tynn.

The dinner gone away and the wine on the table, Lionel drew his chair in front of the fire, and fell into a train of thought, leaving the wine untouched. Full half an hour had he thus sat, when the entrance of Tynn aroused him. He poured out a glass, and raised it to his lips. Tynn bore a note on his silver waiter.

"Matiss's boy has just brought it, sir. He is waiting to know whether there's any answer."

Lionel opened the note, and was reading it, when a sound of carriage wheels came rattling on to the terrace, passed the windows, and stopped at the hall door.

"Who can be paying me a visit to-night, I wonder?" cried he. "Go and see, Tynn."

"It sounded like one of them rattling cab-horse flies from the railway station," was Tynn's comment, as he left the room.

Whoever it might be, they appeared pretty long in entering, and Lionel, very greatly to his surprise, heard a sound as of much luggage being deposited in the hall. He was on the point of going out to see, when the door opened, and a lovely vision glided forward. A young, fair face and form, clothed in deep mourning, with a shower of golden curls shading her damask cheeks. For one single moment, Lionel was lost in the beauty of the visitor. Then he recognized her, before Tynn's announcement was heard; and his heart leaped as if it would burst its bounds.

"Mrs. Massingbird, sir."

Leaped within him fast and furiously. His pulses throbbed, his blood coursed on, and his face went hot and cold with its emotion. Had he been fondly persuading himself, during the past months, that she was forgotten? Truly the present moment rudely undeceived him?

Tynn shut the door, leaving them alone. Lionel was not so agitated as to forget the courtesies of life. He shook hands with her, and in the impulse of the moment called her Sibylla; and then bit his tongue for doing it.

She burst into tears. There, as he held her hand. She lifted her lovely face to him with a yearning, pleading look.

"Oh, Lionel! you will give me a home, won't you?"

What was he to say? He could not, in that first instant, abruptly say to her—no, you cannot have a home here. Lionel could not hurt the feelings of any one.

"Sit down, Mrs. Massingbird," he gently said, drawing an easy chair to the fire. "You have quite taken me by surprise. When did you land?"

She threw off her bonnet, shook back those golden curls, and sat down in the chair, a large heavy shawl on her shoulders.

"I will not take it off yet," she said, in a plaintive voice. "I am very cold."

She shivered slightly. Lionel drew her chair yet nearer the fire, and brought a foot-stool for her feet. Repeating his question as he did so.

"We reached Liverpool late yesterday, and I started for home this morning," she answered, her eyelashes wet still, as she gazed into the fire. "What a miserable journey it has been!" she added, turning to Lionel. "A miserable voyage out; a miserable ending!"

"Are you aware of the changes that have taken place since you left?" he asked. "Your aunt is dead."

"Yes, I know it," she answered. "They told me at the station just now. That lame porter came up and knew me; and his first news to me was, that Mrs. Verner was dead. What a greeting! I was coming home here to live with her."

"You could not have received my letter; one which I wrote at the request of Mrs. Verner in answer to yours."

"What was in it?" she asked. "I received no letter from you."

"It contained a remittance. It was sent, I say, in answer to yours, in which you requested money should be forwarded for your home passage. You did not wait for it?"

"I was tired of waiting. I was sick for home. And one day, when I had been crying more than usual, Mrs. Eyre said to me, that if I were so anxious to go, there need be no difficulty about the passage money. That they would advance me any amount I might require. Oh, I was so glad! I came away by the next ship."

"Why did you not write, saying that you were coming?"

"I did not think it mattered—and I knew I had this home to come to. If I had had to go to my old home again at papa's, then I should have written. I should have seemed like an intruder arriving at their house, and have deemed it necessary to warn them of it."

"You heard in Australia of Mr. Verner's death, I presume?"

"I heard of that; and that my husband had inherited Verner's Pride. Of course I thought I had a right to come to this home, though he was dead. I suppose it is yours now?"

"Yes."

"Who lives here?"

"Only myself."

"Have I a right to live here—as Frederick's widow?" she continued, lifting her large blue eyes anxiously at Lionel. "I mean would the law give it me?"

"No," he replied, in a low tone. He felt that the truth must be told to her without disguise. She was placing both him and herself in an embarrassing situation.

"Was there any money left to me?—or to Frederick?"

"None to you. Verner's Pride was left to your husband. But at his demise it came to me?"

"Did my aunt leave me nothing?"

"She had nothing to leave, Mrs. Massingbird. The settlement which Mr. Verner executed on her, when they married, was only for her life. It lapsed back to the Verner's Pride revenues when she died."

"Then I am left without a shilling to the mercy of the world?"

Lionel felt for her—felt for her rather more than was safe. He began planning in his own mind how he could secure to her an income from the Verner's Pride estate, without her knowing whence it came. Frederick Massingbird had been its inheritor for a short three or four months, and Lionel's sense of justice revolted against his widow being thrown on the world, as she expressed it, without a shilling.

"The revenues of the estate, during the short time that elapsed between Mr. Verner's death and your husband's, are undoubtedly yours, Mrs. Massingbird," he said. "I will see Matiss about it, and they shall be paid over."

"How long will it be first?"

"A few days, possibly. In a note which I received, just now, from Matiss, he tells me he is starting for London, but will be home the beginning of the week. It shall be arranged on his return."

"Thank you. And, until then, I may stay here?"

Lionel was at a nonplus. It is not a pleasing thing to tell a lady that she must quit your house, in which, like a stray lamb, she has taken refuge. Even though it be, for her own fair sake, expedient that she should go.

"I am here alone," said Lionel, after a pause. "Your temporary home had better be with your sisters."

"No, that it never shall," returned Sibylla in a hasty tone of fear. "I will never go home to them, now papa's away. Why did he go? They told me at the station that he was gone, and Jan was doctor."

"Dr. West is travelling on the continent, as medical attendant and companion to a nobleman. At least—I think I heard it was a nobleman," continued Lionel. "I am really not sure."

"And you would like me to go home to those two cross, fault-finding sisters!" she resumed. "They would reproach me all day long with coming home to be kept. As if it were my fault that I am left without anything. Oh, Lionel! don't turn me out! Let me stay till I can see what is to be done for myself. I shall not hurt you. It would have been all mine had Frederick lived."

He really did not know what to do. Every moment there seemed to grow less chance that she would leave the house. A bright thought darted into his mind. It was, that he would get his mother or Decima to come and stay with him for a time."

"What would you like to take?" he inquired. "Mrs. Tynn will get you anything you wish. I—"

"Nothing yet," she interrupted. "I could not eat; I am too unhappy. I will take some tea presently, but not until I am warmer. I am very cold."

She cowered over the fire again, shivering much. Lionel, saying he had a note to write, which was in a hurry, sat down to a distant table. He penned a few hasty lines to his mother, telling her that Mrs. Massingbird had come, under the impression that she was coming to Mrs. Verner, and that he could not well turn her out again that night, fatigued and poorly as she appeared to him to be. He begged his mother to come to him, for a day or two in the emergency, or to send Decima.

An under-current of conviction ran in Lionel's mind during the time of writing it, that his mother would not come: he doubted even whether she would allow Decima to come. He drove the thought away from him; but the impression remained. Carrying the note out of the room when written, he despatched it to Deerham Court by a mounted groom. As he was returning to the dining-room he encountered Mrs. Tynn.

"I hear Mrs. Massingbird has arrived, sir," cried she.

"Yes," replied Lionel. "She will like some tea presently. She appears very much fatigued."

"Is the luggage to be taken up-stairs, sir?" she continued, pointing to the pile in the hall. "Is she going to stay here?"

Lionel really did not know what answer to make.

"She came, expecting to stay," he said, after a pause. "She did not know but your mistress was still here. Should she remain, I dare say Lady Verner, or my sister, will join her. You have beds ready?"

"Plenty of them, sir, at five minutes' notice."

When Lionel entered the room, Sibylla was in the same attitude, shivering over the fire. Unnaturally cold she appeared to be, and yet her cheeks were brilliantly bright, as if with a touch of fever.

"I fear you have caught cold on the journey to-day," he said.

"I don't think so," she answered. "I am cold from nervousness. I went cold at the station when they told me that my aunt was dead, and I have been shivering ever since. Never mind me: it will go off presently."

Lionel drew a chair to the other side of the fire, compassionately regarding her. He could have found in his heart to take her in his arms, and warm her there.

"What was that about a codicil?" she suddenly asked him. "When my aunt wrote to me upon Mr. Verner's death, she said that a codicil had been lost: or that otherwise the estate would have been yours."

Lionel explained it to her. Concealing nothing.

"Then—if that codicil had been forthcoming, Frederick's share would have been but five hundred pounds?"

"That is all."

"It was very little to leave him," she musingly rejoined.

"And still less to leave me, considering my nearer relationship—my nearer claims. When the codicil could not be found, the will had to be acted upon: and five hundred pounds was all the sum it gave me."

"Has the codicil never been found?"

"Never."

"How very strange! What became of it, do you think?"

"I wish I could think what," replied Lionel. "Although Verner's Pride has come to me without it, it would be satisfactory to solve the mystery."

Sibylla looked around cautiously, and sunk her voice. "Could Tynn or his wife have done anything with it? You say they were present when it was signed."

"Most decidedly they did not. Both of them were anxious that I should succeed."

"It is so strange! To lock a paper up in a desk, and for it to disappear of its own accord! The moths could not have got in and eaten it?"

"Scarcely," smiled Lionel. "The day before your aunt died, she—"

"Don't talk of that," interrupted Mrs. Massingbird. "I will hear about her death to-morrow. I shall be ill if I cry much to-night."

She sunk into silence, and Lionel did not interrupt it. It continued, until his quick ears caught the sound of the groom's return. The man rode his horse round to the stables at once. Presently Tynn came in with a note. It was from Lady Verner. A few lines, written hastily with a pencil.

"I do not understand your request, Lionel, or why you make it. Whatever may be my opinion of Frederick Massingbird's widow, I will not insult her sense of propriety by supposing that she would attempt to remain at Verner's Pride now her aunt is dead. It is absurd of you to ask me to come: neither shall I send Decima. Were I and Decima residing with you, it would not be the place for Sibylla Massingbird. She has her own home to go to."

There was no signature. Lionel knew his mother's handwriting too well to require the addition. It was just the note that he might have expected her to write.

What was he to do? In the midst of his ruminations, Sibylla rose.

"I am warm now," she said. "I should like to go up-stairs and take this heavy shawl off."

Lionel rang the bell for Mrs. Tynn. And Sibylla left the room with her.

"I'll get her sisters here!" he suddenly exclaimed, the thought of them darting into his mind. "They will be the proper persons to explain to her the inexpediency of her remaining here. Poor girl! she does not think of it in her fatigue and grief."

He did not give it a second thought, but snatched his hat and went down himself to Dr. West's with strides as long as Jan's. Entering the general sitting-room without ceremony, his eyes fell upon a supper-table and Master Cheese; the latter regaling himself upon apple-puffs to his heart's content.

"Where are the Miss Wests?" asked Lionel.

"Gone to a party," responded the young gentleman, as soon as he could get his mouth sufficiently empty to speak.

"Where to?"

"To Heartburg, sir. It's a ball at old Thingumtight's, the doctor's. They are gone off in grey gauze, with branches of white flowers hanging to their curls, and they call that mourning. The fly is to bring them back at two in the morning. They left these apple-puffs for me and Jan. Jan said he should not want any; he'd eat meat; so I have got his share and mine!"

Master Cheese appeared to be enjoying the shares, too. Lionel left him to it, and went thoughtfully back to Verner's Pride.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE REBEL MOVEMENTS.

It is the evident policy of the rebel leaders to obtain some positive advantages from their recent successes, before the heavy reinforcements called for by President Lincoln shall have been placed in the field. Thus we have an invasion of the North attempted, both in the East and the West.

As we write this, the immediate success or failure of these movements is yet problematical. In the East we have a report that the rebels are recrossing the Potomac into Virginia, while in the West an attack upon Cincinnati has been hourly expected. We also have advices that the Federal forces in Tennessee have commenced a movement to attack the rear of Kirby Smith's rebel army, which is menacing Cincinnati, and that the rebels have retreated.

We have said that it is the evident policy of the rebel leaders to take advantage of their recent successes to invade the North—but we do not mean to say that it is a wise policy. In fact we think the wisdom is rather the other way—though we grant that the temptations to it are so very great as to be almost irresistible. Given, on the one hand, a rebel army, half-clothed, half-shod, half fed, and, on the other side of the border-line, a fertile country, abounding in clothes, shoes, and breadstuffs, certainly the projected movement of one upon the other might be considered as the natural result of laws almost as powerful as the attraction of gravitation.

And yet we are inclined to doubt the wisdom of such a movement, considered from the rebel stand-point. For while we admit the honey is very good—we should doubt, if we were a rebel, the wisdom of arousing the bees.

Looking at an invasion of the North from the Union stand-point, we confess we see nothing to be very greatly alarmed at, so far as the ultimate fortunes of the Federal cause are concerned. It may not be very pleasant—for that matter it may be decidedly unpleasant—to us who have the good or bad fortune to live along the border line. But, on the other hand, nothing rouses a people, and calls out its utmost energies, like an invasion. Pennsylvania has contributed, we suppose, 120,000 men already to the war, of whom at least 80,000 must still be fit for duty. But, if Pennsylvania be invaded, she can easily raise 100,000—perhaps 150,000—more. And the same influence will pervade all the other free states, strong in proportion to their proximity to the border line, and enabling them to raise thousands of fresh soldiers just as easily as they now raise hundreds.

It is invasion that has enabled the rebel states to call out their whole able-bodied population—reconciling the people to it as a dire necessity—and invasion would reconcile the loyal states to the same thing. Besides, invasion would probably lend to the brain and hand of the loyal states a comprehension, determination and energy which, we regret to say, the verdict of events proves that they greatly lack.

Doubtless the clearest-headed of the rebel leaders see all this—but then there is also much to be said in favor of an invasion of the North, and the popular feeling in the rebel states doubtless sets very strongly in favor of offensive movements.

We think however the rebel generals will find some difference, if they come, between carrying on military movements in a friendly and well-known, and a hostile and unknown country. And they will hardly gain new friends, or convert the lukewarm, by letting a swarm of hungry locusts, in the shape of an invading army, upon them.

And yet we think they will come, *if they can.*

It is a matter of the first importance therefore, for the people of Pennsylvania and of the other border states to prepare to repel an invasion. A defeat of the Union armies on the Potomac and the Ohio, of course would open the way for the rebels. As such defeat in the East or the West is by no means impossible, a reserve force should be enrolled in the whole line of border states, ready to march at a day's notice. If such a force should not be needed, so much the better—but let it be organized, armed, instructed, and provided with at least a fair amount of artillery and the other needful adjuncts of war. A reserve corps for state defence of even 20,000 men—well instructed in their duties, well officered, and well armed with small and large arms—would be like a rock of safety in the hour of need; and would perhaps be better than three times their number of poorly armed and undisciplined militia, called hastily forth without due preparation from their farms and workshops.

We write this, inferring from the last reports that the rebel invasion is not yet really upon us. Of course if it is, our people cannot wait for full preparation, but must go at once—making up by their numbers and resolution for the want of the needful discipline. It will be a dear race to Pennsylvania and Ohio if the rebel forces penetrate their territory for any considerable distance, and are allowed to get back again, save as prisoners. In such an event let the whole people fly to arms, dispute every ravine and river, cut off all stragglers and foraging parties, break up the lines of communication, and bear down and exhaust the invaders ultimately by the sheer weight of numbers and the distraction of constant alarms.

☞ LLOYD'S NEW MAP OF VIRGINIA, which also includes Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania, is particularly valuable now. It is on a large scale, the counties are all delineated and colored, and pains have been taken to secure accuracy. Mr. J. T. Lloyd, the publisher of this map, has issued a number of other fine maps illustrative of the war, which are well executed, being engraved on steel, and sold at reasonable prices.

THE Government has completed arrangements for the settlement of free colored persons in Central America. About 500 emigrants, nearly all men, provided with implements of husbandry, &c., will leave in a first class steamer early in October. About 4,000 colored persons have signified their intention of availing themselves of the President's colonization scheme.

"AN OBJECT OF INTEREST."—The story with this title in our last paper originally appeared in Mr. Godey's popular "Lady's Book," and is credited there as the production of "Mary Forman."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH AMERICA. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Several weeks has this book lain upon our table, and still we have looked at it with eyes askant, disliking to attempt its perusal. Trollope as a novelist is our delight. If Trollope as an American tourist should, compose himself after the manner of his many predecessors, sad would be the disappointment, and the falling off in the friendly interest with which, through the course of his stories, we have kept in view the personality of the author.

But the book is read at last; and being read we acknowledge that here is a rarity; a phœnix of travellers:—a man who visits a foreign country with both eyes wide open, all his perceptive faculties alive and at work, and seeing institutions, manners and customs greatly differing from those to which he is accustomed, reports all with impartiality and matter-of-fact accuracy, allowing for his own prejudices, and condemning nothing as inherently bad merely because it is to him personally disagreeable.

All this is wonderfully rare; we decline to expose our own prejudices by saying that the wonder is enhanced by its being an Englishman who thus writes of America. Prejudice, fault-finding, and that arrogance which insists on measuring other nations' corn in our own national bushel, are plants which probably attain as lusty growth on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. There are few minds which have the natural capacity for thus looking at both sides of a question; few, indeed, who willingly acknowledge that there are two.

Many have expressed a regret that Mr. Trollope's visit to the United States should have been timed as it was; that coming, not

of express purpose, but accidentally, in the time of the breaking-out of civil war in this country, he was thereby compelled to discuss the war, its causes, and its probable termination; thus giving his work a scope much differing from that which he originally intended. For ourselves, we think the so-called accident a fortunate one, and are glad to have so vivacious and truthful a picture of the external phases and most easily understood phenomena of our country at this time. For these qualities we think it as admirable as is the recent work of Count de Gasparin for its survey of the underlying causes of this great national convulsion.

In matters of fact Mr. Trollope is entirely trustworthy. The only deviation from accuracy of statement which we have been able to discover in the whole work, is his defining the vegetable called squash as "the flesh of the pumpkin." In matters of opinion it is not to be expected that he should be trusted so absolutely. In his whole discussion of the slavery question he appears to us to argue from insufficient and sometimes erroneous data: and there are few, either North or South, who will be willing to accept his prophecies of the final separation of the Gulf states from the Union, and of their subsequent destinies.

For the rest, we read in this book much of the American people that is good, and grand, and glorious; much also that is wrong, disagreeable, and, above all, absurd. The beauty of it is, however, that the bad is balanced by the good, and the absurd set off by accounts of counter-absurdities in other nations. We may "squirm" at reading of the American who on finding Mrs. Trollope rather cool in her admiration of "our institootians," assured her that he "never yet met the down-trodden subject of a despot who did not hug his chains!"—but we are immediately soothed by the anecdote of the Englishman in the statue gallery inquiring where he should find "the Medical Venus." The description of American hotel life is severe enough, but those disposed to make reprisal by abuse of English inns will find the job ready done to their hands in the following passage:

"Nothing that one can say of the inconveniences attendant upon travel in the United States is to be beaten by what foreigners can truly say of us. I shall never forget the look of a Frenchman whom I found on a wet afternoon in the best inn of a provincial town in the west of England. He was seated on a horse-hair covered chair in the middle of a small, dingy, ill-furnished private sitting-room. No eloquence of mine could make intelligible to a Frenchman or an American the utter desolation of such an apartment. The world as then seen by that Frenchman offered him solace of no description. The air without was heavy, dull and thick. The street beyond the window was dark and narrow. The room contained mahogany chairs covered with horse-hair, a mahogany table, rickety in its legs, and a mahogany sideboard ornamented with inverted glasses and old cruet-stands. The Frenchman had come to the house for shelter and food, and had been asked whether he was commercial. Whereupon he shook his head. 'Did he want a sitting-room?' Yes, he did. 'He was a leetle tired, and wanted to seet.' Whereupon he was presumed to have ordered a private room, and was shown up to the Eden I have described. I found him there at death's door. Nothing that I can say with reference to the social habits of the Americans can tell more against them than the story of that Frenchman's fate tells against those of our country."

The greatest discomforts that a European meets with in travelling in this country no doubt result from the rudeness and ill-breeding of the lower classes;—the spirit of insubordination which renders service under protest, and thinks to atone for apparent inferiority of position by an impudent braggadocia of equality. This is, we believe, our great national fault. It extends its disorderly spirit into social and family connexions, and is now bearing its deadliest fruit in the revolt of whole states from due allegiance and obedience. To this great evil we think Mr. Trollope is even unduly tender. While showing its full disagreeableness, he has sought further for extenuating circumstances than we could have asked of him. An extract will show the spirit in which he has sought to do justice to all sides of the question:

"Many things will conspire to induce the English traveller to shut his eyes and admit no conclusion favorable to Americans. Men and women will sometimes be impudent to him; the better his coat the greater the impudence. The corns of his Old World conservatism will be trampled on hourly by the purposely vicious herd of uncouth democracy. The fact that he is paymaster will go for nothing, and will fail to insure civility. I shall never forget my agony as I saw and heard my desk fall from a porter's hand on a railway station, as he tossed it from him seven yards off on a hard pavement. I heard its poor, weak intestines rattle in their death struggle, and knowing that it was smashed, I forgot my position on American soil and remonstrated. 'It's my desk, and you have utterly destroyed it,' I said. 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the porter. 'You've destroyed my property,' I rejoined, 'and it's no laughing matter.' And then all the crowd laughed. 'Guess you'd better get it glued,' said one. So I gathered up the broken article, and retired mournfully and crest-fallen into a coach. This was very sad, and for the moment I deplored the ill-luck that had brought me to so savage a country. Such and such like are the incidents which make an Englishman in the States unhappy, and rouse his gall against the institutions of the country; these things, and the continual applause of the irritating ointment of American braggadocia with which his sores are kept open. But though I was badly off on that railway platform, worse off than I should have been in England, all that crowd of porters round me were better off than our English porters. They had a 'good time' of it. And this, oh, my English brother, who has travelled through the States and returned disgusted, is the fact throughout. Those men whose familiarity was so disgusting to you are having a good time of it. 'They might be a little more civil,' you say, 'and yet read and write just as well.' True; but they are arguing in their minds that civility to you will be taken by you for subservience, or for an acknowledgment of superiority; and looking at your habits of life—yours and mine together—I am not quite sure that they are altogether wrong. Have you ever realized to yourself as a fact that the porter who carries your box has not made himself inferior to you by the very act of carrying that box? If not, that is the very lesson which the man wishes to teach you."

As we turn the pages again, we are continually tempted to extracts of something peculiarly wise, witty, or picturesque; but we will confine ourselves to two or three. The drollery of the following is only excelled by its truth, as those can testify who have sought for pleasure in the deserted halls of a sea-side watering place when the season is over.

"We were certainly rather melancholy at Newport, and the empty house may perhaps have given its tone to the discussions on the war. I confess that I could not stand the drawing-room—the ladies' drawing-room, as such like rooms are always called at the hotels—and that I basely deserted my wife. I could not stand it either here or elsewhere, and it seemed to me that other husbands—aye, and even lovers—were as hard pressed as myself. * * * And I protest that this comes from no fault of the American women. They are as lovely as our own women. Taken generally, they are better instructed, though perhaps not better educated. * * * They can always talk, and can often talk well. But when assembled together in these vast, cavernous, would-be luxurious, but in truth horribly comfortless drawing-rooms, they are unapproachable. I have seen lovers, whom I have known to be lovers, unable to remain five minutes in the same cavern with their beloved ones.

"And then the music! There is always a piano in a hotel drawing-room, on which, of course, some one of the parlor ladies is generally employed. I do not suppose that those pianos are in fact, as a rule, louder and harsher, more violent and less musical than other instruments of the kind. They seem to be so, but that, I take it, arises from the exceptional mental depression of those who have to listen to them. Then the ladies, or probably some one lady, will sing, and as she hears her own voice ring and echo through the lofty corners, and round the empty walls, she is surprised at her own force, and with increased efforts sings louder, and still louder. She is tempted to fancy that she is suddenly gifted with some power of vocal melody unknown to her before, and, filled with the glory of her own performance, shouts till the whole house rings. At such moments, she at least is happy, whoever else is not. Looking at the general sadness of her position, who can grudge her such happiness?"

The following is very graphic, and gives us an idea of the immense agricultural wealth of the West, such as no statistical statements could do:

"I confess that to my own mind statistical amounts do not bring home any enduring idea. Fifty million bushels of corn and flour simply seems to mean a great deal. It is a powerful form of superlative, and soon vanishes away, as do other superlatives in this age of strong words. I was at Chicago and Buffalo in October, 1861. I went down to the granaries and climbed up into the elevators. I saw the wheat running in rivers from one vessel into another, and from the railroad vans up into the huge bins on the top stores of the warehouses—for these rivers of food run up-hill as easily as they do down. I saw the corn measured by the forty-bushel measure with as much ease as we measure an ounce of cheese, and with greater rapidity. I ascertained that the work went on, week-day and Sunday, day and night, incessantly—rivers of wheat and rivers of maize ever flowing. I saw the men bathed in corn as they distributed it in its flow. I saw bins by the score laden with wheat, in each of which bins there was space for a comfortable residence. I breathed the flour, and drank the flour, and felt myself to be enveloped in a world of bread stuff. And then I believed, understood, and brought it home to myself as a fact that here in the corn lands of Michigan, and amid the bluffs of Wisconsin, and on the high table-plains of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, had God prepared the food for the increasing millions of the eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the western."

Our readers have doubtless most of them seen those photographs taken instantaneously as by a lightning flash; those street scenes where the passers-by are caught in their various stages of locomotion, where a sneeze or a yawn stands fixed in its very crisis. Such a picture is this book. Let us lay it away to represent us to after ages as we are to-day. And soon may the day come when some writer as admirably qualified for the task as the one whose work we are now considering, may show another picture of America: a nation united and free throughout the land; where show is never preferred to substance; where vanity and arrogance never appear as national traits; where the dignity of labor is maintained without impudent self-assertion; and where, above all, no instance of roguery or corruption is ever apologised for by the dreadful saying, "Well, sir, in this country it behooves a man to be SMART!"

LAND MONITORS.—Mr. Redstone, of Indianapolis, says he proposes to build, for Government, nine "Land Monitors," or "Engines of War," to cost $900 apiece, to weigh 1,800 pounds each, 25 horse engine and all, with coal, water, ammunition, knives, &c., included in the above weight; each to be handled by two men; to discharge from each 10,000 shots in half an hour; to be capable of running twenty miles an hour over any grade less than 45 degrees; to be perfectly manageable in turning, climbing or descending; to clear more obstructions from artillery roads than 500 men; to reap the rebels clean by divisions; to resist canister, grape, and all small shot; to engineer the advance car myself; to risk all the Government can risk—my life—each man in the nation can only do this. I also propose to furnish use of patterns of the engine, free of cost, on our plan. Now, if any doubt my ability to accomplish the above, I refer them to what I have accomplished in mechanical invention. If any doubt my sincerity, I only answer I have too deep sympathy for the cause of my country to propose anything I am not willing to execute."

LOYAL AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—The London correspondent of the Liverpool Post, describing "the Northerners in London," says: "The *gobemoucherie* of our press and public continues to afford great entertainment, not unmixed with another feeling which need not be defined to the friends of the Federals in London. At a time when the eulogists of the Confederates are representing the Unionists as bankrupt in purses and broken in spirit, the agents of the North are quietly buying in London, with cash in hand—not shinplasters or other monetary make-shifts, but golden sovereigns and Bank of England notes—large quantities of indigo for the uniforms of armies to be raised next year, and for years after that again, if it should be necessary. The Roman Senate calmly parcelling out and vending the field on which lay encamped the victorious legions of Hannibal, after Cannæ, were but an accurate type of the resolution and of the ability of the North to maintain unfractured the heritage of the founders of the Republic—one and indivisible."

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MAJOR WILLIAM S. STRYKER.

To arms! brave men—to arms!
'Tis the call of your country that bids you again
March forth as of yore her proud foes to defy,
To show to the world on the battle's red plain,
That as freemen you'll live—or nobly will die!
O'er the graves of your fathers in arrogant pride,
The ensign of treason now flaunts far and wide,
The danger is near! let true courage incite,
Strike, strike for the Union!—for "God and the right."
To arms! patriot freemen—to arms!

To arms! brave men—to arms!
Your heroic sires gave their lives to redeem
The soil they so loved from the hands of the foe,
And their blood cries aloud to their sons in extreme,
To traitors at home—give, oh! give the death blow!
Arm, arm your young men, for the war let them deal
With those who've betrayed us—make each rebel feel
The force of an arm nerved in strong freedom's might.
Strike, strike for the Union!—for "God and the right."
To arms! patriot freemen—to arms!

To arms! brave men—to arms!
Once more let them come from the Green Mountain State,
And with Jerseymen join in a strong serried line,
New Yorkers and men from the West, true and great,
With the sons of the Keystone, the Bay and the Pine.
Rise, rise in your might, make each traitor's heart pall,
As your cannon resounds near Fort Sumter's high wall.
To restore the old colors, let true hearts unite.
Strike, strike for the Union!—for "God and the right,"
To arms! patriot freemen—to arms!

To arms! brave men—to arms!
Let a host of stout hearts and strong hands now prepare,
'Neath the stripes of our flag and its blazon of stars,
To preserve us a nation, intact and fore'er,
And crush treason out with the fierce bolts of Mars.
Haste, haste to the conflict with true manly zeal,
Show the strength of your arm and the weight of your steel.
Your cause it is just, draw the sword keen and bright,
Strike, strike for the Union!—for "God and the right,"
To arms! patriot freemen—to arms!

To arms! brave men—to arms!
Come rally around the broad standard displayed,
On, on to the rescue—your country to save,
March, march each platoon and each flying brigade,
The foe is before you—right onward, ye brave!
Charge the hordes with a strength like the hurricane's breath,
And forward to victory, or struggle till death,
Up, up and rush forth in the thickest of fight,
Strike, strike for the Union!—for "God and the right,"
To arms! patriot freemen—to arms!

REBEL RECRUITING IN MARYLAND.—The number of rebel recruits obtained in Maryland is indefinite, but it was evidently far below the calculation of the rebels, and several hundred soldiers are said to have been lost by desertion. One gang of sixty men came from Emmettsburg to enlist, but, seeing the condition of their contemplated comrades, were disenchanted, and concluded to return. A few recruits have been obtained in Pennsylvania, among whom seven were from Millerstown.

The rebel generals expressed themselves as much disappointed at the strong Unionism found through Maryland, and at the apathy displayed by those who avowed themselves as sympathizers. The fighting Secessionists have long since joined their army. They can get supplies in Maryland, but they can get neither the state nor the people. Their visit has raised prices of provisions sensibly in Frederick, and at the present moment flour is at $16 a barrel there, coffee 50 cents, &c. Supplies, however, will soon arrive from Baltimore.

The haste of the rebels to leave Frederick was so great, that they left a number of cannon, also much ammunition and provisions. Twenty-five cavalry men from Longstreet's division returned and destroyed the press and type of the Examiner office, in revenge for its Union sentiments.—*Daily Press.*

SUGGESTIONS TO PERSONS WHO MAY BE CALLED UPON TO ASSIST WOUNDED MEN TEMPORARILY.—Go prepared, if possible, to furnish water freely.

Wounded men should be removed to a hospital, or place where they can receive attention as expeditiously, carefully and quietly as possible. In the meantime the wound may be kept wet with water.

If a leg or arm be wounded and bleeding rapidly in jets, a handkerchief or bandage should be applied tightly at the upper portion of the limb, to stop the circulation.

If faint from loss of blood, the head should be kept as low as the body.

Stimulants (whiskey or brandy, and water) should be given when there is faintness or depression; also, essence of beef or concentrated beef tea.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ We shall look long to find a better description of extreme age than the following, which is taken from a play written in the year 1680 by Nathaniel Lee:—

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropped no sooner;
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more.
Till like a clock, worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

☞ "What do they mean by a cat and dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife; "look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably with their wives—" "Stop," said the lady, "tie them together and then you'll see how they will agree."

☞ BREVITY.—A writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers in prayer and in conference meetings would "observe the miller's creed—always shut the gate when the grist is out."

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

OUR PUBLIC DEBT ON JULY 1, 1862—ANNUAL INTEREST—AVERAGE RATE OF INTEREST—BURDEN OF DEBT AND INTEREST, PER CAPITA—WEALTH OF THE LOYAL STATES.

The following statement of our public debt is taken from the books of the Treasury, and may be relied on. The calculations are our own, but these may be readily verified by any expert in statistics:—

Total Debt July 1, 1862,		$511,826,274
Less in Treasury,		7,177,828
Total,		$504,648,446

The following are the items:

	Debt.	Int.
Old Dt. and Tr. N.	$71,650,855	$3,963,178
Tempor'y Loan 4	14,015,894	560,635
Tempor'y Loan 5	42,830,124	2,141,006
2 Year Bonds 6	2,749,700	164,982
3 Year Bonds 7.30	122,860,750	8,968,834
20 Year Bonds 6	50,000,000	3,000,000
5-20 Year Bonds 6	13,974,360	838,497
Cert. of Indebtn's 6	43,748,000	2,624,850
U. S. Demand Nts	150,000,000	No Int.
New Debt	$440,169,418	$18,298,834
Total Old&New Dbt	$511,820,273	$22,262,007

Average rate of interest upon new debt, 4.15 or 4.1-7 per cent. per annum.

Average rate of interest upon total debt, 4.35 or 4¼ per cent. per annum.

Current expenditures of present Administration $406,879,200.

If we assume that the receipts from the customs and public lands exactly cover the ordinary expenses of the Government in time of peace, four hundred and seven millions is the cost of our civil war in sixteen months; and this amount, divided by four hundred and eighty-three, gives us the average daily expense as eight hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-six dollars. The last year's expenditure of Mr. Buchanan's Administration amounted to sixty millions. The total receipts from all ordinary sources in the sixteen months, embraced in our statement, were but sixty millions—twenty millions short of the probable ordinary expenditure of the time. This estimate reduces the war expenditure to three hundred and eighty-seven millions, or a fraction over eight hundred thousand dollars a day.

The following statement exhibits the National debts of England, France, and the United States, and their respective burden upon the people:—

	Population.	*Debt.*	*Debt per Capita.*	*Annual Charge.*
British	30,934,788	$3,917,345,913	$163.55	$127,965,701
French	30,000,000	206,000,000	61.28	110,000,000
U. S. in 1791	4,049,000	76,000,000	18.76	
1816	8,594,806	127,334,933	14.81	
1835	14,819,425	Paid off.		
1 July '63 L. states	23,687,915	504,648,446	21.30	22,262,007
Total pop. of U. S.	33,550,150	504,648,446	15.04	

These tables, we think, explain themselves. They are submitted for study.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

☞ A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach the monkeys bad habits."

☞ If you have a scolding wife, trust to time; old age may bring you the blessing of deafness.

☞ THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—What a happy thought it was to put Ben. Franklin's head on the postage-stamps. Though in later life, like the stamps, he was devoted to finance, during his earlier years he certainly stuck to letters!—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ ALWAYS SO.—"I like your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

☞ A friend of ours lately went into a provision store to purchase a corned tongue. The dealer handed him one, remarking that it was very nice, and furthermore, that it never told a lie. "That is very singular," replied the purchaser, "for it is engaged in the provision business."

☞ An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about? It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for wisky, and she belaves I'll never pay her,—and faith, that's my belafe too!"

☞ THAT IS SO.—Words should be seconded by action; it isn't enough for a housewife to say to a stocking with a hole in it, "you be darned."

☞ "Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum and water.

☞ To men, civility is what beauty is to women—it is a general passport to favor—a letter of introduction, written in language that every one understands.

☞ Foote expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew where he could sell the timber.

☞ A leveler perceiving two crows flying side by side, exclaimed:—"Ay, that is just as it should be; I hate to see one crow above another."

☞ A true gentleman does not needlessly and continually remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.

☞ If you have gone half crazy at not having won your sweetheart for a wife, remember you might have gone the other half if you had succeeded.

The Retreat of Jackson Across the Potomac.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 14.—Two railroad employees, who were taken prisoners by the rebel Jackson near Williamsport, have returned. They say that he took them with him across the Potomac, and when his division had crossed, on Friday, allowed them to return. There can therefore be no doubt of the fact that Jackson is on the other side of the river.

LATEST NEWS.

GOOD NEWS FROM FREDERICK.

Retreat of the Rebels.

Occupation of Middletown by Gen. Pleasanton.

NO FEAR OF AN INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Brilliant Charge of Illinois Cavalry.

Half a Mile of Rebel Wagons Burned.

Cannonading at Harper's Ferry.

OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK.

Pursuit of the Rebels Beyond Frederick.

One Hundred Rebel Wagons and 150 Prisoners Captured.

IMPORTANT FROM THE WEST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WASHINGTON Sept. 14.—The following interesting news has been received by special messenger from Frederick:

FREDERICK, Sept. 13, P. M.—On our way hither this morning from Urbana, after crossing the Monocacy, Gen. McClellan and staff passed through Gen. Sumner's corps, who opened their ranks for the purpose. The enthusiasm with which he was received by these veteran troops was beyond description.

Before the rebels left Frederick they wrecked and destroyed the Union newspaper office.

The ladies here were forced to hide their American flags about their persons to prevent the rebels from carrying them off.

In the artillery duel yesterday, which lasted till 1 o'clock, between Gen Pleasanton and the rear guard of the rebels, we had three horses killed and two men wounded.

The rebels, fearful of being surrounded by the infantry, fell back three miles beyond the mountains to Middletown, from which place they were driven in the afternoon. Our troops held the town during the night.

Later.

Sunday morning.—There is no probability that our troops will remain inactive. There is now no fear of an invasion of Pennsylvania. The troops are in excellent spirits at their reception by the people of this State.

The sick and wounded rebels left here have been paroled.

Yesterday afternoon the 8th Illinois cavalry, Col. Farnsworth, charged on two rebel regiments and three guns a short distance beyond Middletown, on the road to Hagerstown. We had three men wounded and took forty prisoners. The charge is represented as having been a splendid affair.

Later in the afternoon four squadrons of the 3d Indiana cavalry charged on a regiment of cavalry supported by artillery, on the road leading from Middletown to Harper's Ferry. It was a desperate affair. We lost 30 men killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy yesterday was double that of ours.

Our cavalry so pushed the enemy's wagon trains yesterday, that they were forced to burn half a mile of wagons to prevent them falling into our hands.

A man who left Harper's Ferry yesterday afternoon, reports that Longstreet was repulsed there in the afternoon.

At this writing, 8 o'clock A. M., the battle has been renewed in the direction of Harper's Ferry. The firing is rapid and heavy.

Our main column, it is thought, will come up with the enemy this afternoon, when a battle must take place.

The forces engaged by our troops yesterday were those covering the rebel retreat.

The men are in fine spirits and are anxious to be led forward to rid the Marylanders, who have treated them so well, of all invaders.

The Occupation of Frederick.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 14.—The information with regard to a rebel attack on the Northern Central road is unfounded.

There was cannonading in the direction of Harper's Ferry all day yesterday, ceasing at 4 o'clock P. M. The result has not been ascertained.

Gen. Burnside passed through Frederick early on Saturday morning, and the whole army pushed on after the enemy by every road, and even crossing the fields.

The people turned out to welcome Burnside with the utmost enthusiasm, including men, women and children, and when Gen. McClellan came the people blocked up the streets so that it was difficult for him to reach his headquarters. The scene is described as most exciting—the people waving flags and handkerchiefs, and even the women screamed words of welcome at the top of their voices.

The advance guard entered Frederick on Friday evening at 5 o'clock, and had a skirmish in the streets with Stewart's cavalry. Several were killed and wounded on both sides, and Col. Moore, of the loyal Virginia cavalry, was captured by the rebels and carried off, but was afterwards rescued.

The rebels did not destroy either of the three turnpike bridges over the Monocacy, but left nothing but the piers standing of the splendid iron railroad bridge.

A rebel train of 100 ammunition and subsistence wagons was captured by Gen. Franklin, and about 150 rebel prisoners had been sent into Frederick.

A portion of the enemy went to Hagerstown, while Jackson took the left hand road toward Harper's Ferry. The rebels left 450 of their sick in Frederick.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 14.—Heavy cannonading has been heard distinctly at Hanover to-day, supposed to be a portion of Gen. McClellan's army engaged with the rebels south of that point. This cannonading has also been heard at Greencastle and Chambersburg.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 14.—Information obtained by our scouts from rebel sources, received at 8 o'clock this evening at headquarters, state that the rebel pickets had retired from the state line into Maryland, and that our pickets had been extended southward. No signs of the enemy were visible in the neighborhood of Middleburg, Maryland, and Waynesboro, Pa. Yesterday a portion of our cavalry approached within 3 miles of Hagerstown without any signs of the enemy, though their scouts were reported 8 miles south of Greencastle the same day.

Military operations are progressing finely, and the officers are doing all that can be done in order to send troops to the Valley, in consequence of which regiment after regiment is leaving hourly. Troops have been pouring in from the surrounding countries on foot and by rail during the entire day.

A Battle in Middletown Valley.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 14—Midnight.—A battle took place to-day in Middletown valley between the Union troops and Longstreet's division, which was moving on the Boonsboro' road in the direction of Williamsport, with the intention, no doubt, of recrossing the Potomac. Nothing official has been received of the result of the battle at headquarters up to this hour.

From Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—The rebel army has fallen back beyond Florence. Some stragglers taken by our scouts say they had twenty thousand men.

Prisoners say the retreat was made because they heard of Buell's presence in Kentucky, and had not heard from Bragg.

Gov. Tod has ordered home the militia sent here for the defence of the border. The Cincinnati troops returned to the city this afternoon, their services being no longer required in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—Bragg is reported to be at Tompkinsville. Buckner was at Sparta, Tenn., last Sunday with 10,000 men.

Captain Morris, who has just returned from a scouting expedition, reports 500 of the rebel cavalry at New Castle. They captured the telegraph operator at Eminence, and threatened to hang him unless he gave them his instruments.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Sept. 14.—The rebels under Gen. Duncan, attacked our forces at Green river, near Mumfordsville, at 3 o'clock this morning. The fight lasted till 11 o'clock, A. M. Our men fought bravely, firing the last shot. The rebels were repulsed with heavy loss.

The rebels sent in a flag of truce asking permission to bury their dead, which was granted. Col. Wilder of the 17th Indiana, commanded the Federal forces.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—The rebels are in possession of Maysville, fifteen hundred strong. Their cavalry, to the number of six hundred, tried to take Augusta, last night, and were shelled off by the gunboat New Era.

Important from Nashville.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 11, 5 P. M.—The whole of Gen. Buell's army is hastening to the support of this city, which is now menaced by Gen. Bragg, who follows our rear guard at a respectful distance.

The city is being fortified.

General Thomas will be placed in command, with orders to defend the city at all hazards.

Before this reaches you the fate of Nashville will doubtless have been decided.

An advance, composed of the 79th Pennsylvania, 24th Illinois, 1st Wisconsin, and 17th Kentucky, accompanied by two batteries, have left here to tender their respects to Gen. Kirby Smith's rear.

Fifteen thousand men, under Gen. Buell, will leave to-night for the same destination. Eight thousand men from the army of Gen. Rosecrans, under command of Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, has arrived here to-day for the purpose of reinforcing Gen. Buell.

Major Polk is in town to day, a refugee from Columbia. Capitol Hill is being fortified. Gen. Bragg will not catch us napping. The secessionists are very bold, the Unionists trustful and undaunted.

Miscellaneous.

By order of the War Department, and of Governor Curtin, Brigadier General John F. Reynolds assumes command of the forces assembled for the defence of Pennsylvania.

The Governor invokes the people of Pennsylvania to take up arms for the defence of the State. He believes that destructive raids would have been made into the State had it not been for the spontaneous rising of our people. He hopes that all men fit for military service will enroll themselves, to be prepared for future calls to meet any emergency that may come upon us.

A New York paper of Saturday evening says that the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania has brought to that city valuable archives, bonds and treasure from Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Sixty thousand muskets were received in New York on Saturday by steamer from Washington.

A number of rebel officers, while being feted at a Dr. Williamson's house, about seven miles from Baltimore, on the Hookstown road, were captured and taken to Baltimore by a squad of well armed police. The rebels belong to Baltimore.

Civilians crossing the Potomac are required to have passes from Gen. Wadsworth.

Eight regiments have been recruited in different states for Gen. Sigel, under authority of the respective Governors. Ohio furnishes him a regiment and a battery.

Our forces were defeated at Fayette, Va., on last Wednesday, and were obliged to retreat to Gauley's bridge, where the enemy again attacked and defeated them. Our forces, after destroying all the government property in the place, then moved down the Kanawha in two columns until the 12th inst., when they halted. Our troops then retreated and made a stand at Elk river, where another fight took place—result not stated.

The Confiscation act is about being carried into execution in Mississippi, so far as the military seizure is concerned. Property valued at $50,000,000 will be thus confiscated.

President Lincoln, while returning from the Soldier's Home on Saturday, sprained his wrist while trying to check a spirited horse which he was riding.

Hon. John R. Thomson, U. S. Senator from New Jersey, died at his residence in Princeton on Friday night. His official term would have expired on the 4th of March next.

John Ross, chief of the Cherokees, it is understood, has made a satisfactory arrangement with the President to rescue his nation from the rebels.

BATTLE ON MIDDLETOWN HEIGHTS
THE HEIGHTS CARRIED.
GEN. RENO KILLED.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
THREE MILES BEYOND MIDDLETOWN.
Sept. 14, 9 40 P. M.

To H. W. Halleck, General-in-chief:

After a very severe engagement, the corps of Gen. Hooker and Reno have carried the height commanding the Hagerstown road. They never fought better.

Gen. Franklin has been engaged on the extreme left. I do not yet know the result except that the firing indicates progress on his part.

The action continued till after dark and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

It has been a glorious victory. I cannot yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night, or appear in increased force in the morning.

I regret to add that the gallant and able Gen. Reno is killed. G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

THE LATEST.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AT BOLIVAR,
Sept. 15—10 A. M.

To Gen. H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.

Information has this moment been received which completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army.

Gen. Lee is reported wounded and Gen. Garland killed.

Gen. Hooker alone has over one thousand more prisoners—seven hundred having been sent to Frederick.

It is stated that Gen. Lee gives his loss at 15,000.

We are following as rapidly as the men can move. (Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

A GEM ADRIFT.

The following gem is floating about without name or owner:—

"I burn my soul away!"
So spake the Rose, and smiled; "within my cup
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day
They drink my sweetness up."

"I sigh my soul away!"
The Lily said: "all night the moonbeams pale
Steal round and round us, whispering in their play
An all too tender tale!"

"I give my soul away!"
The Violet said: "the west wind wanders on,
The north wind comes; I know not what they say,
And yet my soul is gone!"

Oh, Poet burn away
Thy fervent soul! fond Lover at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian, pray—
And let the world be sweet!

THE MALZAHN NECKLACE,
AND OTHER LEGENDS.

I believe there is no country in the world utterly devoid of superstition in one form or other. Germany is generally considered to be the land of legends and traditions, yet the part in which I have lately resided, is, I think, the least poetical corner of Europe. In Silesia, which was formerly a Polish province, scarcely is a vestige of ancient grandeur to be found, and nothing can be more matter of fact, unrelieved by the least fancy or imagination, than both the habits and tastes of its inhabitants; yet even there, amidst those unpoetic plains, romance, tradition, fiction, call it what you will, has found some small channel, and from time to time threads its way through the commonplace tittle-tattle of this most prosaic era.

Whilst staying at the small garrison town of N——, I was invited to a "coffee party," an entertainment generally given to ladies alone, the unfair sex being rigorously excluded. The Frau Landrathin von G—— had assembled round her hospitable board a numerous party of ladies from the neighborhood, and extensive were the preparations made for their delectation. The younger members of the circle might probably have considered that an invasion of some of the uniformed youths, of whom the town was then full, would not altogether have marred the enjoyment of the endless refreshments set before them; but the rule of exclusion was stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so they were fain to make the best of existing circumstances, and wile away the time by discussing the respective merits of absent friends—male and female. A little scandal, or "klatschen," as it is called in German, is a necessary ingredient in all small assemblies, and if report speaks truly, is an amusement not exclusively confined to the weaker sex.

On this occasion the conversation became all the more lively for being interspersed with repeated sips at that delectable composition called "Bowle." This is a beverage of which Rhine wine, pine apple sugar, and champagne form the principal ingredients; when mixed with due skill and science, the flavor is ambrosial, and it is particularly favored by the ladies as being more delicate and refined than the ordinary vinous beverages.

Who knows how many characters would have been torn to pieces, or matches made or even unmade, on that afternoon, had not our good hostess chanced to express her admiration of a pearl necklace, of great value, worn by one of her guests: "It is more curious than beautiful," rejoined the wearer, "you know it is the famous Malzahn necklace."

"What, *the* necklace?" exclaimed all the ladies, in chorus. "Oh, pray let us see it."

I inquired into the cause of all this curiosity, and as a few besides myself professed ignorance of the generally well-known story, the Countess was kind enough to relate it for our benefit.

"You must know, then," said she, "that one of our ancestors, a Count Malzahn, inhabited, at a very remote period, the Castle of Militsch, in Silesia. He was married to a very beautiful young lady, and in due course of time became the happy father of a son and heir, whose birth was greeted by the most joyous festivities in Castle and Hall.

"Shortly after the child's birth, as the young mother had fallen into a deep slumber, she had a strange dream or vision, which made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not refrain from relating it the next day. She dreamt that a little dwarf had appeared at the bottom of her couch, and that he had begged and prayed her in the most piteous tones to have her baby's cradle removed from the spot on which it stood, as the rocking, he said, disturbed his wife, who was very ill, and could not sleep for the noise. The poor Countess only got laughed at for her foolish dream. The next night, however, her troublesome guest reappeared, this time urging his request with still greater earnestness; she therefore determined no longer to withstand his entreaties, and the next day had the baby and his cradle removed to the other end of the room. The ensuing night, the little man visited her again in her dreams, but this time in high spirits, thanking her profusely for her kind acquiescence in his wishes, and assuring her that his wife was already fast recovering in consequence.

"The Countess was well pleased when the vision disappeared, and left her for some time in peace; the relief, however, was not of long duration, as a few weeks later the poor lady's dreams were again disturbed by the same apparition. This time the little dwarf had no intention of again dislodging the poor baby or his cradle, but he made strong objections to the nurse's habit of throwing away the water from the child's bath through the ordinary channel. He declared that every particle of it pattered down, drop by drop, on his unfortunate wife's head, and that if the Countess would not deign to order her servants to throw away the child's bath on some other spot, his beloved wife must perish. The good Countess got rather impatient at these constant appeals to her good-nature, and determined not to be so foolish as to attach any importance to a mere dream; but the little man was not to be so easily put off—he appeared to her every evening, and was so importunate that, for the sake of peace and quietness, she was fain to order the child's bath to be emptied in another corner of the castle. No sooner had this taken place, than once more the little man presented himself to her in her dreams, thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

"'My wife is now quite restored,' added he, 'all danger is past. This blessing I owe to you, most gracious lady, and I wish to offer you a small token of my gratitude. Deign to accept this necklace—it ought never to go out of your family, and if kept, it will always foretell the death of the Countess Malzahn, by one of its pearls turning black by degrees, at the demise of each lady of this race.'

"When the young Countess awoke, what was her surprise to perceive a pearl necklace lying on the coverlid before her! This very same necklace that I now wear is the ominous present of the troublesome little dwarf!"

"My story is not at an end yet," added the Countess, smiling, as she was about to be interrupted. She resumed.

"Some hundred years ago, a very rough, wild Count Malzahn, was proprietor of the Chateau of Militsch. He was a great sportsman, and fond of heavy potations, as gentlemen were wont to be in those days. He often had a wild, noisy set of companions about him, and thus scared away from his table his delicate, refined, and beautiful young wife. One evening, when these rough sportsmen had been drinking hard around the oaken table in the tower of Militsch Castle, the conversation happened to turn upon the mysterious necklace, which had acquired great celebrity from the fact that whenever a Countess of Malzahn died, one of the pearls really did turn black. Some questions arose as to the quality of the stones, it having been asserted by jewelers that although bearing a strong resemblance to pearls, the stones were of no earthly composition, and so hard that it was perfectly impossible to break them. At the request of his guests, the Count sent to his lady, begging her to lend her necklace for their inspection. She did not like to part with it, and made an excuse; whereupon her lord and master waxed wrath, and ordered her to send him the trinket, on pain of his serious displeasure. The poor Countess complied, though unwillingly; the necklace was brought, handed about, and examined, and many were the bets made as to its solidity. One of the knights declared he could split one of the pearls with his sword. Wagers were laid for and against:—he struck the blow with dreadful violence, but the pearl remained unscathed. Suddenly, however, a dreadful peal of thunder was heard; the lightning struck upon the old tower, where they were seated, which crumbled to pieces, burying the half-drunken knights under the rush of falling stones. Many were drawn out merely wounded, but the imprudent knight who had tried his strength on unearthly things was struck dead. The pearl necklace was found, and, as you see, has been ever since carefully preserved, but they never have been able to rebuild the tower of Militsch. It is said that whatever part of it is built during the day, falls in during the night; so that after many fruitless attempts to overcome the spell, it has been given up altogether. The only certain part of the story is," added the Countess, "that this old necklace still retains its strange power of marking the death of each successive owner, by one of its pearls turning black. I often look at them, to see if another pearl is not beginning to assume a gray tint, which will be the sure sign of my approaching death!"

We all looked with much interest at the handsome features of the amiable old lady, who had so kindly related this family legend for our benefit, and heartily wished that her pearls might long retain their pure white hue, which strongly contrasted with the color of the seventeen that have already put on their mourning for the deceased chatelaines, and which really have a very dingy tint.

The die was cast—strange stories had become the order of the evening. The formerly interesting topics of family quarrels, suspected flirtations, misbehaved servants, &c., had suddenly lost their charm, and a tide of family traditions and ghost stories came rushing in from all sides, a torrent which nothing but the fear of late hours and bad roads could stem. I will only record the tales which struck me as most authentic, because they were told by members of the families in which they had occurred.

"You all know that beautiful picture of my brother-in-law, the Baron Tettau, which hangs in the picture gallery at home, do you not?" inquired a pale, delicate-looking lady, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. "That picture was painted by Angelica Kaufmann, and is considered to be one of her best works. He is taken in full uniform, as a smart young officer of the Guards, which he then was, and his portrait was painted on the occasion of his marriage, which, unfortunately, gave him but a short span of happiness, as his young wife died a year after, leaving him a sweet little daughter in token of her love. This child was brought up in the country, under the surveillance of a governess, and very near to the residence of her grandmother, the old Baroness von Tettau.

"We were one evening all assembled at supper, that is to say, all except my brother-in-law, who had just joined his regiment, and was daily expecting to take an active part in the contest against Napoleon's hated troops. His mother looked up with tender and admiring eyes at the handsome portrait hanging opposite to her, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Where may my poor Franz be just now!' the tears gathering fast in her eyes at the thought of the perils he was about to encounter. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a crash was heard, and down came the picture! Strange to say, the nail on which it had hung had not moved: it seemed to have been jolted off the hook by a sudden jerk. We were all depressed by this unaccountable accident, and I had some difficulty in calming my poor mother-in-law, who persisted in regarding it as an omen that something dreadful had happened: her fears were but too soon verified. A few days later the news reached us that my brother-in-law had been sent to reconnoitre, and that a stray shot had killed him on the spot, at the very hour when his portrait had fallen down at his father's home.

"Time, which heals all wounds, even the deepest, had passed over this sad circumstance, and we were once more seated together at supper in the same dining-room as before. It was rather late, for we had been paying a visit to the little orphan girl, Baron Tettau's daughter, and had waited there to speak with the doctor, as she had not been well: he declared, however, that she was much better, quite free from fever, and assured us that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety. We therefore returned home, and as I said before, were seated at supper, when again a crash, and, without any apparent cause, down came my brother-in-law's portrait to the ground. This time our alarm was excusable: we at once despatched a messenger on horseback to inquire after the little girl, but he returned almost immediately, having been met half-way by the bearer of a missive from the governess, conveying the shocking intelligence that the dear little child had died suddenly in a fit!

"It will readily be believed that my brother-in-law's portrait, beautiful as it was, had now become an object of superstition, almost of aversion, in the family: it was therefore removed from the dining-room, and carefully hung in a large hall filled with family pictures, which we call 'the gallery.' My husband had selected a place for it over the entrance-door, where it was partly hidden, as he wished to spare his poor mother as much as possible the painful reminiscences which the sight of the fatal picture was sure to awaken.

"Many years elapsed—indeed, it is but ten years ago since my much regretted father-in-law died; my poor husband was, as you all know, deeply afflicted at his loss: he tended his poor father through his last illness with the most devoted affection and tenderness, and after the last sad parting, when we women, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, had retired to our rooms, he still remained sitting by his father's corpse. After some time he became uneasy, and could no longer bear the dread silence of the chamber of death: he got up, paced to and fro, and almost unconsciously bent his steps towards the Gallery: he endeavored to enter, but some impediment closed the way: he pushed the door with force, and in so doing removed his brother's picture, which had again fallen to the floor!

"Since that time no death in the family has occurred, but we are of course all convinced that the same thing will happen when any one of us is called to his or her last account."

This lady's story was told with so much simplicity and good feeling that all present were impressed with the conviction of its truthfulness, the more so that the narrator bears the highest character for veracity and straightforwardness.

Another tale related on this occasion is to be found in many old German books, but except to readers well versed in the lore of ancient German legend it is probably quite unknown. It was told me by a near and dear friend of mine, a member of the family to whom this tradition belongs, and a person in whose veracity I place the greatest possible confidence. Thus, then, runs the tale:

"In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious, and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favorite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had well nigh embittered the whole of her precious gifts. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as to herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently, when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections. On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her villages, her way led through a long avenue of well-grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but, seeing him look smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted.

"'Most gracious lady,' quoth the dwarf, 'all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blest with three sons at a birth [*drillinge*] I pray you to accept this ring,' continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; 'I have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of an age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family the Alvenslebens will prosper.'

"With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realized, and his injunctions were carefully obeyed. The three sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the names of the Black, the White, and the Red line.

"Years—nay, centuries—rolled by, but the three pieces of the ring were carefully preserved by the descendants of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things; Voltaire, his friend and teacher, sneered at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favorite.

"A gay party was seated on the balcony of the Castle of Randau, which overhangs the muddy-colored, shallow, and yet sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Among the company were several gay young officers of the Royal Hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devoirs to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the Red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, skeptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions.

"'I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel,' said the lady, with a bright laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second-sight and ghost-seers; 'nor do I *care* just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious,' added she, holding up a ruddy berry; 'that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable.'

"'Would that life were made up of such moments,' sighed her nearest neighbor, with an ardent glance; 'but, alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control!'

"'Not a whit,' retorted the lively lady, 'Jeder ist seines Gluckes Schmied' (every one forges his own happiness,) saith the proverb.

"'How can you say that, fairest of chatelaines, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependant upon your goodwill,' responded one of the gallants.

"'And,' added the Major von Eulenberg, a somewhat more sedate admirer, 'you yourself, madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen.'

"'Alter schutzt von Thorheit nicht' (age is no preservative against folly) 'I see,' answered the beauty, pertly tossing her head. 'Do you think I am such an idiot as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am' * * * * she ran into the room through the open folded doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key, which hung from her neck-chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low curtsey to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet:—'There,' she cried exultingly, 'there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; there goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens evermore depend upon *themselves* for their good luck and prosperity.'

"The act was greeted with bravoes, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day; yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen on their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randau.

"Six weeks afterwards, this laughing, scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty skepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens.

"The members of the Black line, shocked by this sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or 'Pokal,' which the sole survivors of that line still possess. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourished, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeburg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist. The last member of importance of that line, was the highly esteemed Minister of State under Frederic Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben, who died at so late a period as 1858.

"The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle of Erxleben, near Magdeburg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is among the most highly esteemed and beloved of the old noblesse of Prussia; highly favored and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members."

It was not without regret that we broke up the circle round the coffee-table; these and other tales had made us forget the flight of time, and if they have for a moment amused my readers, I am richly repaid for the slight trouble of transcribing them.

DUELLING IN HAYTI.—Duels are not usual in Hayti. A white resident at Port-au-Prince, whose acquaintance I made, informed me that he once received a challenge from a Haytian. He was very much astonished at it, as he could not recollect of having given any cause for it.

He inquired why it was sent.

The challenger replied, because he believed that he—the white man—did not like him!

HOW A SMALL ARMY BEATS A LARGE ONE.

In 1799 Napoleon dined with Moreau at Gohier's, one of the Directory. Conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, he made the first advances, and with great courtesy, expressed the great desire he felt to make his acquaintance. [See Abbott's History of Napoleon, vol. 1, page 230.]

"You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy after a great defeat. It was the month which Gen. Loubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave the allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force that besieged it to take part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less."

"True," rejoined Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less."

"And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones."

"Even there," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When, with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell like lightning on the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory, which was the result, was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser."

This lesson was thundered into the ears of the astonished world for twenty years by Napoleon, and with practical results sufficient, one would think, for all time; yet some of our generals who make books upon war seem never to have heard it. "Stonewall" Jackson understands it, and thus manages to delude our slow tacticians with the notion of his superior force.

After Austerlitz, the Emperor Alexander said to the French envoy, Savary:

"That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first engagement. I confess that the rapidity of his manœuvres never gave me time to succor the menaced points. Everywhere you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even at that, the whole was very warmly engaged. But we manœuvered much, and the same division combatted at many different points. Therein lies the art of war."

FIGHT ON!

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor Lileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars!
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR CLOUGH.

ABOUT WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers are too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a related instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune haunts her not: she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

LAUGHTER.

Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and found Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice—perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the ape. The Abbe Damasceni thought he had discovered, in the various enunciations of the laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus, he said *ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *he he he* to the phlegmatic, *hi hi hi* to the melancholic and *ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A* and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*; and it is singular that with all people, even the Cockneys, the aspirate *H* precedes the vowel.

THE LOST KEY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I say, Phillip, have you seen my port monnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that port monnaie lost again?"

"Now, Phillip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened word, "don't scold. Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Cora," said the iron-hearted husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Cora was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance these careless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake. Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs and thought it an excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Cora clapped her little hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh, blending unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste I shall be too late to meet that engagement on Cedar street. Let me see, the notes are in my secretary, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the keys yourself. If Clara only followed my example."

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that vest pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table among those papers!"

The aforesaid papers mailed hither and thither like animated snow flakes as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought among their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the secretary, with no earthly chance of ever getting at them! But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes, I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang that key."

Mr. Walter hastened to his room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house, but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his bureau was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible secretary.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantel-piece, where he had not yet searched. No—it was not there, but a treacherous inkstand was, the contents, whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt bosom—the shirt bosom upon which alone he had depended.

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily, staunching the inky flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay to Smithron to-day, and—"

He stopped short, a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money drawer was a fixture of the wretched secretary!

Penniless, shirtless and paperless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be character-less likewise if his wife should by any inopportune chance discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter as he strode off down town to a day of perplexities and mortifications.

"If ever I tease Cora again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the tea-room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck! It's a judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stamps of the morning. Cora uttered a faint scream, and shrank back exclaiming:—

"My dear Phillip, what is the matter with your shirt bosom to-night?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you another, dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down and be easy, my love!"

But Cora started to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage way.

"Oh, by the way, Phillip, here is the key to your secretary. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon, and," she added, with an arch sparkle of the eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming wards of the little steel mischief maker, in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Cora's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ears like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Cora Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

WANTED.

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
  Terrible words are thunder-lost,
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
  Full of revenge for battles lost!
  Hark to the echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan;
  "End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Give us a Man of God's own mould,
  Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
  At the stroke of a politician's pen;
  Give us the man, of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
  Give us a rallying cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
  And to march and countermarch one brave,
Till they fade, like ghosts, in the marshes low,
  And the swamp-grass covers each nameless grave;
  Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
  Nor another to bluster and lie and rave;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Hearts are sorrowing in the North,
  While the sister rivers seek the main
Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
  Who shall gather it up again?
  Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
  Shall our offering be in vain?
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

"Is there never, in all the land,
  One on whose might the Cause may lean?
Are all the common men so grand,
  And all the titled ones so mean?
  What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread of bran,
  Of worthless metal a weapon keen?
Abraham Lincoln, *find* us a MAN!"

"Oh, we will follow him to the death
  Where the foemen's fiercest columns are!
Oh, we will use our latest breath,
  Cheering for every sacred star!
  His, to marshal us nigh and far:
Ours, to battle, as patriots can
  When a Hero leads the Holy War!
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

—*N. Y. Tribune.* EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER I.

I had been for two or three months a regular guest at Madame de L——'s weekly concerts. She was a Russian, and assembled at her house the most distinguished foreigners who were in Paris. It was a privilege, therefore, for an undistinguished Englishman to be admitted there. She had known my father, and for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" was most kind and courteous to me.

Soon after I first went to her house, I was much struck with the appearance of a lady whom I rarely met anywhere else in Paris. She seemed attracted by the music (certainly the best of its kind which could be heard in this Paradise of Artists, even more than of women), for she entered as the first notes of the orchestra sounded, and before the last echoes had died away she was gone.

She was the Countess Rabenfels, the widow, as was generally supposed, of a former Austrian minister in Rome. I had been presented to her, and we had exchanged a few words, but there was an indescribable something about this lady which was an effectual barrier to all attempts on my part to improve our acquaintance. An indifference scarcely veiled by a kind of negligent politeness, which was, to say the least of it, discouraging. She attracted, and yet repelled. In society, to be above or beyond the ordinary level is not an advantage, and Madame Rabenfels was not popular. I was not surprised at it. Amongst the pretty faces and conventional smiles around, the aspect of this lady was as incongruous as that of a Greek Muse would be among Dresden china shepherdesses.

She was usually plainly but richly dressed. She wore few ornaments, and I noticed that the arrangements of her dress, though graceful, were utterly devoid of all coquetry. Her bright hair, of that tint so familiar to us in Venetian pictures (yellow with a flame through it, like rare, burnished gold), was simply folded back from her broad forehead, and drooped low down on her neck. The dark eyes were deep set, and wide apart, and there was a peculiar slowness in their movements, which gave an air of thoughtfulness, perhaps almost of sternness, to their expression. She was pale, and there were lines on her forehead, and under her eyes, which told of long suffering. But though the upper part of her face looked worn, the mouth, with its beautiful, flexible lips of rich dewy red, and the radiant teeth, which shone luminous as she smiled, was as bright as in the freshest bloom of youth. It was certainly a striking countenance. Larger thoughts, nobler purposes, deeper feelings might be read in it, than in those of the triflers around. This discrepancy was felt by all, and resented by some. All saw there was a difference; the few only acknowledged this difference a distinction.

One evening, I was as usual at Madame de L——'s. I had just entered, and was standing near Madame Rabenfels. She put out her hand to take an ice from the servant, and in so doing, the pressure of the crowd caused him to stumble, and upset the ices and tumblers into her lap. I rescued her from the broken glasses, but her dress seemed considerably damaged. She thanked me with her usual air of grave indifference, and rose to go. I offered her my arm. On reaching the entrance we found her carriage had not yet arrived. I proposed returning to the music-room. It was yet early, the clocks were only just striking twelve. She hesitated, and then with more impulsiveness than I had yet seen in her, said:

"I have an engagement, and must go; but I will draw my hood over my head, and I can easily walk the little distance. Good night," and she offered to shake hands. I smiled, and told her she must have a strange opinion of me, if she imagined I would not request permission to accompany her.

"Thank you," she answered gravely; "it is scarcely necessary, for in ten minutes I shall be at home; however, as you will."

Coldly as the permission was granted, I availed myself of it and walked with her.

It was a beautiful night, and Paris proper, as it might be termed, sparkled in the distance, while the dark trees of the Champs Elysees looked shadowy and gloomy near us. The roll of carriages, and that indescribable noise which surges through the night in a great city like Paris, was very striking, contrasted with the distinct fall of our own footsteps. The silence and the darkness near us, the glitter and the reverberations beyond us, had a mysterious, ominous effect. We seemed walking in some weird and enchanted world, cut off and separated from the real one by those busy echoes, and those bands of light.

"Do you not think," I remarked, "that those lamps, in their tortuous and undulating lines, look like the convolutions of some huge serpent, intent on barring our further progress?"

"More like the bright nails which are disposed in lines and curves on some vast black coffin spread out before us," she answered, and we both smiled at our somewhat far-fetched and gloomy comparisons.

"I feel almost superstitious," she continued, "when I look at these silent, shining witnesses of all the deeds of the night. The stars are too far above our sphere for us to claim their sympathy; but these are in the midst of all, and are a part of all, and yet are as completely removed from all, as the stars themselves."

"Exactly so, and it is one of my pleasures to walk sometimes late at night, or rather early in the morning, here, and watch the distant lights, and wonder what scenes are being acted in the great drama of life before their steadfast, ruthless presence."

"But here, we are both too near and too far from the great throbbing heart of the fair wicked city for true observation."

"Why do you think so?"

"There is something so mournful and so depressing in being cut off, as it were, from the joys and sorrows of the multitude," she answered, sadly, "that we cannot judge fairly when thus separated from them."

"It is but like the lives of many of us," I replied. "To some are given the wide sympathies, the broad lights of life; to others the silence and the shade, with only the echoes of one footstep sounding through their darkened existence."

She paused abruptly. Whether she was satisfied on reflection that I meant no personal allusion in what I said, I know not; but, after a minute or two, she went on in a lighter tone:

"This late walk in evening dress reminds me of such happy days! When a young girl in Rome, I always returned on foot from any little evening gayeties to which I went. My brother, though much older than myself, humored me in all my whims and fancies. We would hasten through the streets till we entered the little side door which opened upon the great court-yard, and then we raced to see which could reach first, the fountain, that tossed up its sparkles in the moonlight. How many sprays of the fern which hung over it have I held up in token of victory! for I used always to win *then*." A lovely smile hovered for a moment over her lips.

"You are a Roman?"

"I am a Colonna," she answered. There was a simple dignity in her tone which suited her well, and the picture her words had created of the two Italians, one so beautiful, and both in the bloom of youth,—of the sky of Rome with its intense moonlight,—of the fountain garlanded with fern, such as I had often seen in my wanderings in the old city, was charming.

Hitherto my conversations with her had been brief; the general tone of her serious and anti-mundane remarks had excited my profane discontent or my irreverent impatience, but now I was deeply interested. We had reached her house. She thanked me politely, bade me farewell kindly, and the door closed upon her.

I stood for a moment, in deep thought, when I felt my arm touched, and saw my friend Auguste Rochecalme.

"I congratulate you, mon cher."

Why did these words sting me? I laughed out loud as I answered, "Why, Auguste?"

"You have achieved an intimacy which we all covet." He laid an insolent stress on the word intimacy.

I was a vile coward to allow such words to be uttered in my presence. Does an evil spirit enter into us at times, that thus, without cause or provocation, we belie our own hearts, and all but sanction the foul trifling words which sully that which ought to be sacred, and is in truth sacred in our own eyes? My companion looked hard at me and went on:

"You escorted Madame Rabenfels from Madame de L——'s. I observed that you left together, and I find you at her door after midnight."

"You must have done me the honor to watch me pretty closely."

"I am interested in that lady."

I winced, and looked at my companion from head to foot as he went on. "I have long admired her, and there is a mystery about her which is piquant. She ought to be a facile conquest, if all be true that I have heard of her. Indeed, I have myself witnessed strange things in her mode of life."

The exquisite pain these words gave me were the fitting punishment for my disgraceful complicity in his impertinence a few minutes before. He continued: "You and I are such old friends, Seymour, that I don't mind making you my father confessor. My engagements have sometimes led me at a late hour near one of the worst localities of this very naughty city. Invariably I have seen, myself unseen, this lady leave at about three or later in the morning one of the houses in the Rue du Puits. One day I had the meanness, or what you will, to go to the house, and by a small donation to the porter, heard that a lady visited almost daily, or rather nightly, a young man who lodged in one of the rooms. His name I have forgotten. He was in bad health, and very poor. He had lived there for a few months in the strictest retirement, and with the closest economy. His only visible means of subsistence was authorship, and he wrote almost day and night. Some time ago he met with an accident, was run over or knocked down—*que sais je?*—and was brought home by this lady in a fiacre. She did not leave him for three entire days. Since then she has constantly been to see him, and has arranged everything for his comfort."

"Surely," I said, "a woman can be charitable without exposing herself to such injurious comments? She *may* belong to some religious order."

"Charity can be exercised by day, or dispensed by a servant. Besides, my informant, who seemed resolved to give my money's worth, entered into details. He had heard the man call the lady by her Christian name, and one night, in preparing a room (*so he said*) which opened upon that occupied by the young man, he had heard voices raised so high that, though he could not understand the words (for they spoke in Italian) he could comprehend by the tones, that the lady was imploring some favor which her companion was angrily refusing. In some occult manner he also discovered that she was in a convulsion of grief, and had thrown herself on her knees. I dare say some of this information was false. He no doubt wished to excite me sufficiently to come again and pay for more of his news. But there was beri-similitude in it. Our fair friend has something tragic in her mien. One of those women who take things so terribly in earnest, and who are not contented with the surface of things, as most of their dear sex are. The worst kind of women to have to deal with in any relation whatever," said he sententiously.

Poor women, we complain of your frivolity, and if we meet with one who appears to possess some depth of character or reality of purpose, she becomes more surely a victim from those very qualities.

"This is no longer the age for tragedy," said Auguste; "life has become a comedy, a sentimental comedy if you will, but there are no parts now for your Heloisas or your Saint Theresas."

He might have gone on for an hour; all the time he spoke, and though every word was distinctly audible to me, a vision rose before me of a noble head, a clear, frank, lofty look, and an aspect so entirely the reverse of anything undisciplined or unprincipled that it seemed to be treason to listen to him.

"What are you thinking of? Have you no remark to make upon my revelations?"

"What reply would you have? It would take too long to sift the truth from the falsehood in this romantic story, and what does it matter to me?"

"Pshaw! I have seen you hover perpetually about her for the last three months. You admire her; so do I; so do we all; but there is a hitch somewhere. There is something about her which jars with her surroundings. Some go so far as to say she is not a widow, that her husband is still alive, but that she has been separated from him for years."

"Who says so?"

"Some countrymen of hers. The name of Rabenfels, however, belongs to such a large Austrian clan, if I may so call it, that they may have been mistaken. Yet you must confess there is a mystery about her."

"I confess nothing of the kind."

"But I should say," he went on, without noticing my interruption, "that her appearance belies the scandal. Her air is so frankly independent, so quietly distinguished. A manner which is not fluttered and defiant, like that of most women in that equivocal position, but calm and self-relying. A woman separated from her husband, as things are at present, is at once in an antagonistic relation to society. It requires more consummate tact than most women are gifted with, it needs less impulsiveness than they usually possess, to steer safely through all their difficulties. This is why so few separated women keep their position in society; they almost all sink into the demimonde."

"Is that the fault of women, or the fault of society?"

"I think it would take us too long to discuss that question, I *against* women and *for* society; you *for* women and *against* society. Hitherto Madame Rabenfels has lived so quietly, and being so rich, the world expects so much from her power of contributing to its pleasures and amusements, that she has not yet been ostracised. I was told that her husband and herself were separated after two years of marriage; he is much older than she is, and some extraordinary tales are told of the admiration of an exalted personage at Vienna; but why this should have caused a separation is not explained. There is a long gap, too, between her leaving Vienna and her arrival in Paris. Here, musicians, painters, and authors are her only associates; but even these she sees rarely. Still, the devil's advocate would obtain her non-canonization, from a general unsaintly look about her and her belongings, and something revolutionary and strong-minded in her opinions; and then this episode of the Rue du Puits is damning in my opinion. If not married, why not see this man openly. I believe she *is* married."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I have an engagement. I cannot listen to your *chronique scandaleuse* any more."

Why had I done so for so long? We parted, and I walked on with the buzz of those infamous words in my ears.

How strange is the heart of man! I had met this woman repeatedly, and admired her vaguely; much of what I had heard this evening I had heard in fragments before; nothing was absolutely new; and yet because I had walked a few hundred yards with her and heard her speak of the past, there was a feeling of appropriation towards her, which made my temples throb and my heart beat, at this light mention of her name.

I felt fevered and excited, and instead of going home, walked about for the next two hours, scarcely attending to where I went, till, on looking up, I found myself not far from the street mentioned by Auguste. I heard the clock strike two, and an irresistible impulse led me to the spot mentioned by him. The streets in this neighborhood, one of the worst in Paris, are filthy, narrow, and dark, and are reported to be dangerous. I thought of nothing, and though I was once hustled and pressed on by two men, I got free and went on. As I passed the centre house, the door opened and a woman issued from it. She went swiftly onwards, without turning to the right or the left. She was plainly dressed in black, and her veil was drawn close down. It was my instinct alone which told me it was Madame Rabenfels, for in nothing could she have been recognized except perhaps by a certain swiftness and lightness of tread, which I had noticed as we walked together a few hours ago.

A step has to me much significance. I can judge of a character by the sound of a step. I can distinguish a race by the manner in which an individual treads. I can estimate the health and temper of a person by observing his walk.

I reached her as she came under the light of a lamp. Still I could not see her face. I passed on and then turned back and repassed her. I looked at her earnestly and saw her start. An impulse, which I restrained, made me step forward as if to speak, but she quickened her pace, and again repassed me. We proceeded thus—I following, she a little in advance—for nearly half an hour. I could not break the spell. I knew not whether she was conscious of it or not, but she drew me as a mesmeriser draws a magnetic patient. At last we entered a street into which one side of her house opened. She drew out a key and opened a small garden door. There to my astonishment she paused for a moment, turned round, threw up her veil, and walked up to me, her grave, earnest eyes flashed upon me, as she bowed haughtily, and with freezing contempt said:

"Be satisfied, Mr. Seymour, the woman you have been insulting by this espionage is the Countess Rabenfels."

In another minute she was gone.

I was stung to the heart. I could have knelt at her feet. I could have submitted to any chastisement by way of atonement. Such were my thoughts that night as I paced my room. Night is the Egeria to us all. Our best selves come out beneath its influence and counsel. In the teeth of the reports I had heard, in spite of what I had myself seen, I could have attested at the price of my own, the honor which I had so cruelly doubted.

But alas! the morning comes. The work-a-day world awakes, and we are at once placed in contact with the Prince of the Air and his evil angels. We become suspicious, cynical and hard. I rose with the most unjustifiable anger against my species in general, against women in particular. Yet, as I argued with myself, what was it all to me? But when did such questions avail?

I went out more than usual. I scorned myself for feeling wounded by the actions of a comparative stranger. I could not shake it off. True, the javelin had been thrown by a stranger's hand, but the flesh was torn and bled. Pain roused memory, and the memory of pain received and given is a strong tie. I noted this as about a week afterwards I met the Countess Rabenfels again at Madame de L——'s.

I felt I blushed as I met her glance. She looked much as usual, but a flash of the eye, a dilation of the nostrils told me that she, too, was sensible of a link between us.

I listened to the music as it rose and fell. There is a bitter sweetness in the effect of music at times. We may attach our own meaning and interpretation to it, but to me at least there is often a vague sense of unfulfilled promise in it. It suggests "infinite passion," but with it also

The pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

The mortal car is ravished with the heard melody, but it longs with a tender transport for some yet more divinely harmonious song of which it is only the type.

The rooms were very crowded and the pressure of the throng brought me suddenly exactly behind the seat occupied by Madame Rabenfels.

"How perfect the music has been to-night," I said to her.

"Perfect in itself, but to me there is always imperfection in music."

I started, as she thus echoed my own thoughts.

"It is not so much the case in vocal music; the voice and passion of the singer give individuality, and limit it at once to the finite, and within that limit we can be entirely satisfied. But the absolute concord of perfectly wrought instruments, and the perfect beauty of the compositions they utter, rouse in us a burning sense of the infinite which cannot be assuaged."

"I agree with you," I said.

I thought she sighed. We were silent. The ghost of the evening in the Rue du Puits rose between us. As I stood so near her, I could observe that tremulous movement in the throat which is the sure sign of suppressed emotion among women. The face remains calm, the eyes cold, the mouth even is still, but they cannot silence this treacherous pulse.

At this moment some one passed me, and whispered in a mocking, stage whisper:

"Remember No. 9, Rue du Puits."

I turned and saw the laughing face of Auguste. She heard him also. She looked at him, and then full in my face. It flashed upon me that she thought I had betrayed her secret to this worldly trifler. What steadfast questioning in her eyes! No reproach, but a kind of mournful wonder, a sense of undeserved wrong, a perception of unexpected baseness. My eyes fell. But the fiend within me had been roused, and was not to be thus appeased.

"By-the-by," I said "will you allow me to assume the privileges of a native, counselling a stranger upon the usages of his country? I have lived in Paris so long that I know it well. You should not enter the street in which I met you some nights ago." (She started.) "There are all kinds of dangers in it. No one should enforce such an obligation upon you."

She turned white to the lips, but I went on—

"There are all kinds of dangers—"

"For me there are no dangers."

"Dangers to the purse, the life—"

"Go on."

"The reputation of those seen in it. But I suppose you are unacquainted with its character, and passed through it accidentally?"

I became confused. My impertinence, excited by a kind of blind revenge for the pain I had suffered and was suffering, was not natural to me, and I used the weapon awkwardly, and possibly gave more pain than even in that moment of resentment I intended.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly, and rose from her seat. "I know the street well; I go there constantly; I go to-night again." And with superb disdain she bowed and left me.

Again was I foiled. What a fool I had been! And how each blow I aimed at her recoiled upon myself. The ground seemed to become suddenly hot beneath my feet, and I too left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY I SHALL ENLIST.

The other day a business-looking personage called at my uncle's house, and politely requested the names and ages of the male members of the family. I was just going out, and heard Biddy, the chambermaid, telling him that the elder Mr. Jones was 52, "and this gentleman," said she, "is all we have in the family besides him."

"For what purpose are you procuring the names?" I inquired.

"To ascertain who are liable to do military duty," was the reply. "We must take down the names of every man between the ages of 18 and 45, and I presume, from your appearance, you do not call yourself forty-five?"

"No, sir," I replied, "but yet it will be useless to take my name, as I can convince you, in five minutes, if you will walk in."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I have no time. Give me your name, if you please, and then if you have an excuse to offer you can present it at the proper time and place."

"Peter Jones is my name, and I shall be thirty years old next birth-day. But I assure you, my friend, your labor will be wasted, for should I take a musket in my hands at arm's length I could not see far enough to discern the bayonet."

"That is of no consequence," said the fellow, tantalizingly. "All we require is a sound man who can pull a trigger. I have no doubt you would make an excellent soldier."

As he said this he coolly recorded my name, age and address, in a little book bound in blue morocco.

"The fellow is right!" I mentally exclaimed, and I believe I will go and enlist in the army. Doing this, I may gain some distinction; but in society my case is hopeless.

The fact is, kind reader, I am hopelessly short-sighted, and have been so from babyhood. My life has been but a series of blunders in consequence, and if I could but be assured that I should make none in serving my country, I would be cheerfully content to endure the hardships of a soldier's life.

My misfortunes commenced with my life—yes, from my veriest infancy—and have continued up to this day. My mother has often told me, that when a baby, I would make a dozen ineffectual attempts to gain her breast, and my first essays in the art of walking, have been memorialized by a multiplicity of scars, occasioned by violent contact with chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic usefulness. As a boy, I was still more deserving of commiseration. In fact, my misfortunes seemed to accumulate with my growth. The delicacies of the dinner-table were invariably appropriated by my brothers and sisters, before I could be made conscious of their presence; and if I failed to examine closely every particle upon the prongs of my fork, or in the concave of my spoon, I might inadvertently swallow a red pepper for a sausage, or masticate a quantity of horseradish for as much sugar or Sago cheese. These petty annoyances were as nothing compared to the mortifications which riper years imposed upon me. If I had made a friend, I was sure to lose him within a fortnight by my apparently cold neglect; and as for my acquaintance among the ladies, that seemed to be entirely out of the question, as the female sex are even more sensitive than ours to any coolness or inattention. I finally resolved to turn over a new leaf. As all my friends, both male and female, had felt themselves slighted by my distant reserve, I resolved that that should be the case no longer, for I would bow or speak to every man I met, and would make myself agreeable to every lady in some way that should not offend. I put my resolution at once in practice, and for a while things went swimmingly on; but at length the same result was the consequence.

"What have I done *now*?" asked I of a friend; "why am I *again* thrust without the pale of society?"

"The reason is, simply," said he, gazing about to see that no one observed him speaking to so proscribed a being as I, "that people are not willing to meet, on terms of sociability and equality, a man who claims the acquaintance of every loafer, male and female, he may chance to meet. At church, last Sunday, you offered your arm to Mrs. Brown's pretty chambermaid; and you were yesterday observed by Dick Davis in the act of making a profound bow to three of the most notorious creatures in town. Dick swears he will tell his sister to cut your acquaintance."

"Good God!" exclaimed I, "is it possible!" and I went off in the greatest despair, for Miss Davis was the only girl who had seemed to realize my infirmity, and had, in fact, forgiven some very marked slights which I in ignorance had made when meeting her. Why, thought I, am I coupled with such a destiny? I am one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of mankind, and yet the sulkiest blackguard about town encounters not half the difficulties which fall to my lot.

Such were my musings as I passed down the street, such my reflections, when my dog—as I thought, but, alas! it was another's—rushed between my legs, and nearly tripped me up. Although naturally—or rather commonly—a good-natured man, I was not at that precise moment, as the reader may imagine, in my smoothest mood. The current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath, I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

"Sare," said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious-looking personage, bowing until his moustaches brushed my nose, "you 'av, sacre! kick my dog! What for you 'av done dis for, eh?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed I, terribly discomposed, "I beg ten thousand pardons! I really thought it was my own dog."

"Ah, you t'ought it was *your* dog, eh? No, sare, it is *my* leetle dog dat you 'av' kick!"

"Sir, I am exceedingly sorry. I mistook him for my own dog; I assure you, I thought it was my own dog at that time."

"By Gar, sare, dat is vat you call no *excuise plausible*: dare is not von *resemblons* of de dog. Dis dog vat you kick is ov de black color—dat is my dog. De oder dog is von *souifron*, or de yaller color. My dog 'av' de tail and ears ver mooch cut off; the oder dog 'av' got de ears stook up and de tail ver mooch long, with one grand *quirl* to him."

"Excuse me, my dear sir," said I; "both dogs look alike to me, for I am short-sighted—my eyes are impaired."

The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment, but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm and comparatively pleasant.

"You 'av', den Monsieur, de vision not ver' far, eh?"

I assented.

"Ah! den dat is all de apology which I demand;" and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

"How fortunate for me," soliloquized I, "that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of my own countrymen, I should, no doubt, have figured in the gutter."

On the following day, I dined with a friend at one of the most fashionable hotels of the city, and was for a while, as I thought, extremely lucky, having as yet made but one *faux pas*, which was merely the drinking of a glass of brandy for as much wine—a mistake, by the way, which might have occurred to almost any one. A tremendously stout gentleman—a Kentucky major, as I afterwards learned—was seated on my left. This individual had just cleared his plate of a large quantity of roast beef and was engaged in gazing ominously at a lobster, his shut right hand, in the meantime, resting upon the table. Unfortunately for myself, at this particular juncture, I happened to stand in need of a piece of bread; and raising my eyes in search of the necessary article, I mistook his clenched fist for a bit! Taking up my fork very deliberately, I hitched up the sleeve of my coat, and plunged the sharp steel instrument into the fleshy part of the man's hand. With a noise between a roar and a growl, the victim jumped upon his feet, knocking down the gentleman who sat next him, and upsetting a waiter who was hurrying along with a large supply of custards. I, of course, jumped up, too, frightened, as may well be supposed, almost to death, and attempted to explain matters; but scarcely had I opened my mouth for the purpose, when I was floored by a tremendous blow from the wounded limb, directly in my face. No sooner had the avenger knocked me down, than he unsheathed a huge, glittering Bowie knife, and advanced to annihilate me altogether. Words cannot portray the horror of my emotions. I had seen the fellow carve a pig a few moments before, and had myself admired his dexterity in the proceeding.

The company, however, interfered between the Kentuckian and my destruction. My friends made known the imperfection of my vision, and the military man became satisfied. I was borne to bed, nearly senseless, and have not yet recovered from the effects of that adventure, although my physician is one of the most learned and efficient in the city. He is an Englishman, and when I related to him the occurrence, he shook his head, saying:

"Terrible chaps, those fellows from Kentucky; 'orrible beings! Wonder he didn't cut your 'ed off, haltogether!"

Such misfortunes as these are constantly occurring, and I therefore intend to enlist in the army if I may be accepted; for as the collector of names justly said, I am a sound man and can pull a trigger. Why need I then see who is shot down before me? On the whole I think short sighted men in the army would perhaps be better soldiers than those who could see more, as they would not have the death of a fellow-mortal on their consciences.

☞ Punch styles promissary notes the music of the future.

RECENT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

Report of Major-General Pope.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, September 3, 1862.

General: I have the honor to submit the following brief sketch of the operations of this army since the 9th of August:

I moved from Sperryville, Little Washington and Warrenton, with the corps of Banks and Sigel and one division of McDowell's corps, numbering in all 32 000 men, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on Culpepper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded in drawing off a large force from Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of August 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces evacuating the Peninsula could be united with it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th of August, by which time Gen. Robert Lee had assembled in my front, and within eight miles, nearly the whole rebel army. As soon as I ascertained this fact, and knew that the army of the Potomac was no longer in danger, I drew back my whole force across the Rappahannock, on the night of the 17th and day of the 18th, without loss of any kind, and one day in advance of Lee's proposed movement against me. The enemy immediately appeared in my front at Rappahannock Station, and attempted to pass the river at that bridge and the numerous fords above and below, but without success.

The line of the upper Rappahannock, which I had been ordered to hold, that the enemy might be delayed long enough in his advance upon Washington to enable the forces from the Peninsula to land and effect a junction with me, was very weak, as it could be crossed at almost any point above the railroad bridge by good fords.

By constant vigilance and activity, and much severe fighting for three days, the enemy was gradually forced around from the railroad crossing to Waterloo Bridge, west of Warrenton. Meantime my force had been much diminished by actual loss in battle, and by fatigue and exposure—so that, although I had been joined by a detachment under Gen. Reno and the other divisions of McDowell's corps, my force barely numbered forty thousand men.

On the — a heavy rain fell, which rendered the fords impassable for twenty-four hours. As soon as I discovered this, I concentrated my forces, and marched rapidly upon Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge to drive back the forces of the enemy, which had succeeded in crossing at these points. This was successfully done and the bridges destroyed.

I passed one day—or rather part of one—at Warrenton and beyond. The enemy still continued to move slowly around along the river, masking every ford with artillery and heavy forces of infantry, so that it was impossible for me to attack him, even with the greatly inferior forces under my command, without passing the river over fords strongly guarded, in the face of superior numbers.

The movement of Jackson toward White Plains and in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, while the main body of the enemy confronted me at Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge, was well known to me, but I relied confidently upon the forces which I had been assured would be sent from Alexandria, and one stray division of which I had ordered to take post on the works at Manassas Junction. I was entirely under the belief that these would be there, and it was not until I found my communication intercepted that I was undeceived. I knew that this movement was no raid, and that it was made by not less than twenty-five thousand men, under Jackson. By this time the army corps of Heintzleman, about ten thousand strong, had reached Warrenton Junction; one division of it, I think, on the very day of the raid; but they came without artillery, with only forty rounds of ammunition to the man, without wagons, and even the field and general officers without horses. Fitz John Porter also arrived at Bristow Station, near Rappahannock, with one of his divisions, 4,500 strong, whilst his other division was still at Barnett's and Kelly's Ford. I directed that corps, about 8,500 strong, to concentrate immediately at Warrenton Junction, where Heintzelman already was. This was accomplished on the evening of the —th. As soon as it became known to me that Jackson was on the railroad, it became apparent that the upper Rappahannock was no longer tenable. I could not detach a sufficient force to meet Jackson, and at the same time attempt to confront the main body of the enemy. I accordingly at once evacuated Warrenton and Warrenton Junction, directing McDowell, with his own corps and Sigel's, and the division of Reynolds, to march rapidly by the turnpike upon Gainesville, so as to intercept any reinforcements coming to Jackson through Thoroughfare Gap; and instructing Reno with his command, and Kearney with one division of Heintzelman's to march on Greenwich, so as to support McDowell in case of necessity. I moved back along the railroad to Manassas Junction. Near Kettle Run, Hooker came upon the advance of Ewell's division, on the afternoon of the 27th. A severe action took place, which terminated at dark, Ewell being driven from the field with the loss of his camp and three hundred killed and wounded. The unfortunate oversight of not bringing more than forty rounds of ammunition, became at once alarming. At nightfall Hooker had but about five rounds to the man left. As soon as I learned this, I sent back orders to Fitz John Porter to march with his corps at 1 o'clock that night, so as to be with Hooker at daylight in the morning. The distance was only nine miles, and he received the despatch at 9:50 o'clock, but did not reach the ground until after 10 o'clock next morning. He can probably explain better than I can the reason of this delay.

Fortunately, Hooker had handled the army so severely the evening before, and the movement of McDowell had begun to be so apparent, that the enemy, fearful of being surrounded, had retreated precipitately from Manassas Junction, directing his retreat through Centreville, as McDowell, Reno, and Kearney had made the road through Gainesville impracticable. I immediately pushed forward to Manassas, and thence to Centreville, which was occupied by Kearney that night, only a few hours after the enemy had left it. Reno had reached Manassas Junction, and Fitz John Porter was immediately ordered up from Broad Run, where he had stopped. McDowell's movement, conducted with vigor and speed, had been completely successful, the enemy being intercepted at Gainesville, and part of his forces driven back through Thoroughfare Gap. Late in the evening of the —, McDowell's advance (Gibson's brigade) met the force of Jackson retiring from Centreville, and about six miles from that place. A very sharp skirmish took place, ended by the darkness, in which the brigade of Gibson behaved very handsomely, and suffered heavy loss.

Sigel was close at hand with his corps, but did not join the action. I instructed Kearney to move forward at early day dawn toward Gainesville, closely followed by Hooker and Reno, and engage the enemy thus placed between McDowell and Sigel on the west, and Fitz John Porter on the south. I also instructed Fitz John Porter with his own corps, and King's division of McDowell's corps, which had for some reason fallen back from the Warrenton Turnpike toward Manassas Junction, to move at daylight in the morning upon Gainesville, along the Manassas Gap Railroad, until they communicated closely with the forces under Heintzelman and Sigel, cautioning them not to go further than was necessary to effect this junction, as we might be obliged to retire behind Bull Run for the night for subsistence, if nothing else.

Heintzelman marched early from Centreville towards Gainesville, closely followed by Reno. Meantime, shortly after daylight, Sigel and Reynolds' division of McDowell's corps had become engaged with the enemy who was brought to a stand, and he was soon joined by Heintzelman and Reno, when the whole line became actively engaged.

Porter marched as directed, followed by King's division, which was by this time joined by Rickett's division, which had been forced back from Thoroughfare Gap by the heavy forces of the enemy advancing to support Jackson.

As soon as I found that the enemy had been brought to a halt, and was being vigorously attacked along the Warrenton Turnpike, I sent orders to McDowell to advance rapidly on the left, and attack the enemy in his flank, extending his right to meet Reynolds' left, and to Fitz John Porter to keep his right well closed on McDowell's left, and to attack the enemy in flank and rear, while he was pushed in front. This would have made the line of McDowell and Porter at right angles to that of the other forces engaged.

The action raged furiously all day, McDowell, although previously in the rear of Porter bringing his whole corps on the field in the afternoon, and taking a conspicuous part in that day's operations. To my surprise and disappointment, I received late in the afternoon from Porter a note saying that his advance had met the enemy on the flank in some force, and that he was retiring upon Manassas Junction without engaging or coming to the assistance of our other forces, although they were engaged in a furious action only two miles distant, and in full hearing of him. A portion of his force fell back towards Manassas, and he remained, as he afterwards informed me, where he was looking at the the enemy during the whole of the afternoon of Friday and part of Friday night, passing over in plain view to reinforce the troops under Jackson, without an effort to prevent it or assist us. One at least of his brigades under Gen. Griffin, got round to Centreville, and remained there during the whole of next day's battle, without coming on the field, though in full view of the battle which was raging, whilst Gen. Griffin himself spent the day in making ill-natured strictures upon the General commanding the action, in the presence of a promiscuous assemblage.

Darkness closed the action on Friday, the enemy being driven back from his positions by Heintzelman's corps and Reno, concluded by a furious attack along the turnpike by King's division of McDowell's corps, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

I do not hesitate to say that, if the corps of Porter had attacked the enemy in flank on the afternoon of Friday, as he had my written order to do, we should utterly have crushed Jackson before the forces under Lee could have reached him. Why he did not do so I cannot understand.

Our men, much worn down by hard service and continuous fighting for many previous days, and very short of provisions, rested on their guns. Our horses had had no forage for two days. I had telegraphed and written urgently for rations and forage to be sent us, but on Saturday morning, before the action was resumed, I received a letter from Gen. Franklin, written the day before at Alexandria, stating to me that he had been directed by Gen. McClellan to inform me that rations and forage for my command would be loaded into the cars and available wagons as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring them up. All hope of being able to maintain my position, whether victorious or not, vanished with this letter. My cavalry was utterly broken down by long and constant service in the face of the enemy, and, bad as they were, could not be spared from the front, even if there had been time to go back thirty miles to Alexandria and await the loading of trains. At the time this letter was written Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army interposed between that place and the enemy. I at once understood that we must, if possible, finish what we had to do that day, as night must see us behind Bull Run, if we wished to save men and animals from starvation.

On Friday night I sent a peremptory order to Gen. Porter to bring his command on the field, and report to me in person within three hours after he received the order. A portion he brought up, but, as I before stated, one of his brigades remained the whole day at Centreville, and was not in the engagement. The enemy's heavy reinforcements having reached him on Friday afternoon and night, he began to mass on his right, for the purpose of crushing our left and occupying the road to Centreville, in our rear. His heaviest assault was made at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when, after overwhelming Fitz John Porter and driving his forces back on the centre and left, mass after mass of his forces were pushed against our left. A terrific contest, with great slaughter, was carried on for several hours, our men behaving with firmness and gallantry, under the immediate command of Gen. McDowell. When the night closed, our left had been forced back about half a mile, but still remained firm and unshaken, while our right held its ground.

Gen. Franklin, with his corps, arrived after dark at Centreville, six miles in our rear, whilst Sumner was four miles behind Franklin. I could have brought up these corps in the morning in time to have renewed the action, but starvation stared both men and horses in the face, and, broken and exhausted as they were, they were in no condition to bear hunger also. I accordingly retired to Centreville that night, in perfect order.—Neither on Sunday nor on Monday did the enemy make any advance upon us. On Monday, I sent to the army corps commanders for their effective strength, which, all told, including Sumner and Franklin, fell short of 60,000 men. Instead of bringing up 30,000 men, Franklin and Sumner united fell short of 20,000, and these, added to the force I had, already wearied out and much cut up, did not give me the means to do anything else than stand on the defence.

The enemy during Monday again began to work slowly around to our right, for the purpose of possessing Fairfax Court House, and thus turning our rear.

Couch's division and one brigade of Sumner's had been left there, and I sent down Hooker on Monday afternoon to take command and post himself at or in front of Germantown, at the same time directing McDowell to take position along the turnpike from Centreville to Fairfax Court House, about two miles west of the latter place.

Heintzelman was directed to post himself in rear and support of Reno, who was pushed north of the road, at a point about two and-a-half miles east of Centreville, and to cover that road—it being my purpose, in the course of the night, to mass my command on the right, in the direction of Germantown, where I felt convinced the next attack of the enemy would be made.

Late in the afternoon of Monday, the enemy made his demonstration upon Germantown, but was met by Hooker at that place, and by Reno, reinforced by Kearney, further west. The battle was very severe, though short—the enemy being driven back a mile, with heavy loss, leaving his dead and wounded. In this short action we lost two of our most valuable and distinguished officers, Generals Kearney and Stevens.

By moving, the whole of my command was massed behind a difficult creek, between Flint Hill and the Warrenton Junction, with the advance, under Hooker, in front of Germantown.

With the exception of Sumner, the commanders of the army of the Potomac had continued to inform me their commands were and have been demoralized ever since they left Harrison's Landing; that they had no spirit and no disposition to fight. This latter statement of their conduct in the various actions is fully contradicted, but the struggling in those corps was distressing.

The full facts having been reported, • • on Tuesday afternoon, to retire to the entrenchments near Washington, which was accordingly done on that day and the next, in good order and without the slightest loss.

Banks, who had been left with the railroad trains, cut off at Bristol by the burning of the bridge, was ordered to join me on Monday, at Centreville, which he did on the afternoon of that day.

This brief summary will explain sufficiently in detail the whole of the operations of the forces under my command, during sixteen days of continuous fighting by day and marching by night.

To confront a powerful enemy with greatly inferior forces, and fight him day by day without losing your army; to delay and embarrass his movements, and to force him, by persistent resistance, to adopt long and circuitous routes to his destination, are the duties which have been imposed upon me. They are, of all military operations, the most difficult and the most harrassing, both to the Commander and to his troops. How far we have been successful I leave to the judgment of my countrymen. The armies of Virginia and of the Potomac have been united in the presence and against the efforts of a wary and vigorous enemy in greatly superior force to either, with no loss for which they did not exact full retribution.

Among the officers whom I feel bound to mention with especial gratitude for their most hearty, cordial, and untiring zeal and energy, are Generals McDowell, Banks, Reno, Heintzelman, Hooker and Kearney, and many others of inferior rank, whom I shall take great satisfaction in bringing to the notice of the Government.

The troops have exhibited wonderful patience and courage, and I cannot say too much for them.

THE REBELS KILL GENERAL M'CLELLAN ON PAPER—HIS OBITUARY NOTICE—WHAT THE REBELS THINK OF HIM.

The Lynchburg Republican, of Saturday, contains the following telegram:—

HARRISBURG, Sept. 5, 1862.—Northern papers of the 3rd have been received here. Circumstantial accounts of the death of McClellan are contained in Baltimore papers. He was wounded in the fight of Saturday, at Manassas, and died Sunday.

The Republican remarks editorially: The confirmation of the death of General George B. McClellan, published in another part of our paper, is fraught with much to us of either good or evil. Should the Northern mind have been wrapped up in him as a commander as much as that influential sheet, the New York Herald, seemed to be, either a howl of mingled rage and pain will go up from the Yankee nation, or else a stupefaction at the extent of their losses may make them pause to review the ground of the contest.

To our mind McClellan was, by far the ablest of their generals, and we had a certain feeling of respect for him, believing that he might have passed as a gentleman had his associations been different; but serving an unscrupulous master, one Abe Lincoln, familiarly known as the "Rail splitter," he seemed to have assimilated in spirit with his *confreres* as with the multitude of public men of the North, who could have made a name to posterity for magnanimity and fair dealing, even with an enemy; he has passed into the shades of eternity with blood guiltiness on his soul, a victim to the lust of power.

General McClellan was known to some of our citizens, and was looked on as possessing fair literary abilities, but his talents as a commander were hid under a bushel so soon as he was placed in a position to display any he might possess.

Let us hope that his countrymen had a higher opinion of him than we have. His death then may be our gain.

THE DANGER OF PHILANTHROPY.—Mr. Peabody is literally persecuted with beggars. His noble deed of charity to the poor of London has sent a thrill through the ranks of the unfortunate, and the whole army of needy, dissolute, improvident, and rapacious people—deserving and undeserving alike—throng around the man, and deafen him with their clamor for gifts. His privacy is invaded, his business interrupted, his peace disturbed, his very means of enjoying life and doing good, made, in some measure, a discomfort to him; he is the well-fed and well-disposed house dog that fell into the company of a pack of hungry wolves, and the howling of the pack warns him that he is to be torn to pieces. The only means of replying to applicants for charitable assistance is by a printed circular, in which Mr. Peabody says, "The immense number of letters daily arriving at his address renders it difficult for him to read them even partially; and a written reply to each would take up the time of a dozen persons. To those who ask pecuniary relief, Mr. Peabody will say that if his means would allow him to assist all in adversity, nothing would give him more pleasure; but, as they are not, applicants must take the will for the deed. To give one-tenth that ask would deprive Mr. Peabody of the means of support in one month." We venture to say that this is the most curious of all the curiosities of benevolence, and we do earnestly hope there will be no occasion to inscribe on Mr. Peabody's tomb the short epitaph, "Worried to Death."—*City Press.*

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.—"Every soldier should keep in his knapsack a card, upon which should be plainly inscribed his full name and address, with his company and regiment. Last week two cases occurred in which soldiers were brought here from the battle field—one ill and the other wounded—both too low to ascertain those particulars from them. They died, and the hospital authorities were deprived of the opportunity of apprising distant relatives or friends of their decease. In another instance—a fine lad killed in battle—all hope of tracing his relatives was gone, when, by mere accident, a little Bible, presented to him by his mother, was found beneath the cloth lining of his old coat. That little volume disclosed the name of the boy."

IMPORTANT FROM GOV. CURTIN.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 10.—The following important order has just been made:—

GENERAL ORDER NO. 35.

HEADQUARTERS PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA, HARRISBURG, Sept. 10, 1862.—In view of the danger of invasion now threatening our state, by the enemies of the government, it is deemed necessary to call upon all the able-bodied men of Pennsylvania to organize immediately for the defence of the state, and be ready for marching orders upon one hour's notice, to proceed to such points of rendezvous as the government may direct. It is ordered,

First—That company organizations be made in accordance with the numbers required under the laws of the United States, to wit: One Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, eighty privates as the minimum, and ninety-eight privates as the maximum standard of each company. The company officers to be elected by each organization.

Second—As the call may be sudden, it is desirable that the officers and members of each company provide itself with the best arms they can secure, with at least sixty rounds of ammunition to suit the kinds of arms in possession of the soldiers. Such persons as cannot secure and bring arms with them will be furnished by the government after their arrival at the place of rendezvous.

Third—Each officer and member of the company shall provide himself with good stout clothing (uniform or otherwise), boots, blankets and haversack, ready to go into camp when called into service.

Fourth—Each company organization to be perfected as soon as possible, and report the name of the officer in command, the number of men and the place of its headquarters, to these headquarters, in order that they may be promptly notified to move when their services are required.

Fifth—Organizations when ordered to move will be furnished with transportation by the government.

Sixth—On the arrival at the place of rendezvous, they will be formed into regiments or such other organizations as the Governor, Commander-in-Chief of Pennsylvania, may direct.

Seventh—So far as practicable, and as may be found consistent with the interests of the public service, companies from the same localities will be put together in such larger organizations as may be formed.

Eighth—Organizations formed under the recent proclamation are earnestly requested to adopt, without delay, such measures as may be necessary to comply with this order.

Ninth—Organizations called into the field under this order will be held for such service only as the pressing exigency for the state defence may continue.

By order of Andrew G. Curtin, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) A. L. RUSSELL,
Adjutant-General Pennsylvania.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 11, 1862, 4 o'clock, P. M.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 36.

By authority of the President of the United States, *fifty thousand of the freemen of Pennsylvania* are hereby called for immediate service to repel the now imminent danger from invasion by the enemies of the country.

Officers in command of company organizations, as authorized by General Order, No. 35, dated September 10th, will at once report by telegraph the place of their head quarters, so that orders may be issued from these headquarters for transportation to Harrisburg for such companies as may be ordered to move. Further calls will be made for additional forces as the exigencies of the service may require. The formation of companies under the General Order of September 10th should continue to be made as rapidly as possible until all the able-bodied, loyal men of Pennsylvania are enrolled and ready for service.

By order of A. G. Curtin, Governor and Commander-in-Chief. A. L. RUSSELL, Adjutant-General.

THE WAR IN MARYLAND.

We yesterday (11th) met with a gentleman who was within sight of Frederick city on Wednesday, and returned by way of Union bridge and Westminster. He witnessed the departure of Jackson's division of the rebel army from Frederick, and its movement along the Boonesboro' and Cavetown road towards Hagerstown. It consisted of cavalry, artillery and infantry, with ammunition wagons, and but few other vehicles.

The line could be traced across the mountains by the dense cloud of dust that arose in the distance, the line of march having been taken up about 3 o'clock in the morning. The number in the column was variously estimated at from 15,000 to 40,000. A portion of them came directly through Frederick, and the balance had previously been camped on the Emmittsburg road north of Frederick. The enemy had not advanced to Emmittsburg, nor had there been any pickets nearer Westminster than about five miles beyond Union bridge.

We also learn that a proclamation to the people of Maryland had been issued by Gen. Lee. He professes to come to redeem the "down trodden people of Maryland" from the yoke of Uncle Sam, which is grinding them to the earth.

Parties who arrived at Union bridge from Frederick state that a number of young men of Frederick had started out to join the rebel army, but that most of them seeing the forlorn condition of the men, came to the conclusion that they could not stand such a service, and prudently returned to their homes.

The best order had been kept in Frederick by the Provost Guard, and the stores had been cleared of all kinds of produce, and wagons and vehicles had been pressed into the service to move it off. One merchant had eight thousand dollars of Confederate scrip in his possession, which had been given him for his stock of flour, at the rate of $16 per barrel. They paid for everything they took in this kind of money, and although some of them had United States Treasury notes, they would not part with them. They even refused to receive in change any of their own money, demanding Maryland notes. Of course the storekeepers dare not refuse. The farmers of the surrounding country had also suffered similarly in the seizure of their stock, and the sympathizers of Jeff. Davis have fared in this respect the same as the Union men.

Frederick county will long remember this visit of the "redeemers of My Maryland," who have destroyed their substance like a swarm of locusts. Washington county commences its sufferings to-day.

The rebels are said to complain that their reception in Maryland is not so cordial as they anticipated, and have looked in vain for the insurrection they expected in Baltimore, and a rally of the faithful to their flag in Western Maryland. Those who have been sending prayers to Jeff. Davis to come to their rescue, have not, they say, rushed forward to welcome them.—*Balt. American, Sept.* 12.

THE Indians on the Salt Lake route are well armed with rifles and revolvers, and are committing depredations on emigrants. Two emigrant trains were recently attacked at Labett's Cut-off, 300 miles north of Salt Lake City. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue has established the following regulations concerning the commissions allowed to purchasers of stamps. The commissioners will be paid in stamps—that is a remittance of $50 will entitle the purchaser to stamps amounting to $51. A remittance of $1,000 will entitle the purchaser to $1,050 worth of stamps.

THE report that Gen. Rosecrans has been repulsed by the rebels at Topelo, Miss., is false. The latest news shows that Gen. Rosecrans and his army were at Iuka, and had had no engagement with the enemy.

WASHINGTON, N. C., was attacked on the 6th inst. by 1,200 rebels. They were repulsed and pursued seven miles. Our loss was 7 killed, 47 wounded, and 4 missing. The rebels had 8 killed and a large number wounded, and 36 taken prisoners. Our gunboats did good service in the engagement. One of our gunboats, the Picket, blew up. The magazine exploded. The captain and 19 men were killed and 6 wounded.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—An important archæological discovery has just been made at Pompeii, of a mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, and an oven with eighty-one loaves, arranged in rows, and but slightly affected by the heat of the lava, having been protected by a quantity of ashes which had covered the iron door fitted to the mouth of the oven. These loaves have all been got out entire; a large iron shovel for introducing loaves into the oven has also been found on the spot, with a remnant of its wooden handle. This is the first discovery of the kind on record.—*Gallynani.*

As the sudden call for volunteers and militia has exhausted the supply of blankets, fit for military purposes, in the market, and it will take some time to procure, by manufacture or importation, a sufficient supply, all citizens who may volunteer or be drafted, are advised to take with them to the rendezvous, if possible, a good stout woolen blanket. The regulation military blanket is 84x60 inches, and weighs five pounds. All clothing, blankets and shoes issued by the United States to its troops, are charged at an average cost; and no soldier who furnishes his own blanket is required to draw one. It is to his interest to supply himself, and thereby avoid much discomfort, as it is impossible for the United States to supply all the troops immediately.

IT is questionable if young men under twenty-one years of age are usually profitable to be employed in the active service of the army. The hospital lists show that youths of eighteen are not fitted to endure the fatigues and exposure of a campaign. It is by soldiers between the ages of eighteen and twenty years that our hospitals are mainly filled. Their constitutions unformed and weak, give way in three cases out of four, during a protracted campaign, before the field of battle is reached.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has just issued regulations concerning internal and coastwise commercial intercourse. The regulations are intended to cut short all supplies reaching the rebels.

WHEAT, corn, rye, barley and oats in grain, flour and baked bread are permitted to be introduced free through the inland and maritime ports of the Kingdom of Portugal until the end of next April.

AN ordinance has passed the City Councils of Philadelphia, giving the Mayor, in conjunction with the Committee on Defence and Protection, full power to do everything which may be deemed necessary in the present emergency; also appropriating $500,000 to pay all expenses which may be incurred in the discharge of said duties.

ENROLLMENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The new enrollments in Massachusetts will show a total of about 175,000 citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, capable of bearing arms.

A FIRE DISCOVERED BY A PARROT.—On Sunday morning, the 17th ult., the inmates of the premises belonging to Mr. Burgess, tobacconist, King street, Old Kent road, London, were aroused by a parrot belonging to the occupier crying out "Master, master! Fire!" Upon getting up the premises were found to be on fire on the ground floor, and so rapidly were the flames extending that the residents were obliged to escape out of the windows. The fire was not extinguished until the stock in trade was nearly all destroyed.

THE Japanese Ambassadors made no calculation for crinoline's expansive limits in cutting off lengths of handsome stuffs for presents to the ladies of Europe during their sojourn amongst us. They recently presented a most magnificent dress to the Queen of Prussia, but it was found to be much too short in quantity, whereupon they gallantly declared their intention of despatching express, if even by an extra ship, the extra quantity necessary to complete the dress.

FIVE HUNDRED rebel cavalry attacked the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry at Williamsburg, Va., on last Tuesday. After half an hour's fighting they were driven back, with the loss of their Colonel, eight other officers and nine men who were killed. On our side Colonel Campbell, five captains, four lieutenants and a few privates were taken prisoners.

COLONEL MAX WEBER'S brigade has arrived at Washington from Fortress Monroe.

MAJOR GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY is ordered to report in person to Major General Butler, at New Orleans, for duty in the Department of the Gulf.

IN the Cedar Mountain battle the 5th Connecticut regiment went into the fight with twenty-three commissioned officers and came out with only five! The five officers whose lives were saved *wore no shoulder straps* and were dressed as privates.

THE laws of Ohio exempt nobody from militia draft. The Governor himself and all the state officers including the judges, are as liable to draft as other citizens.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—A correspondent of the London Morning Post says that at the present time there is found growing everywhere, and in great abundance, in this country, eleven species of an herb called gnaphalium, cudweed or dwarf cotton.—Gnaphalium, vulgo cotonaria, appellatur—"An herb having leaves so white and soft that they may be used for cotton or linen."—*Pliny.* He is of opinion that a very good "cross" may be obtained by grafting the roots of cotton on those of this gnaphalium or dwarf cotton.

GEN. MCCLELLAN.—The following resolution was adopted unanimously by the General Assembly of Kentucky:

Resolved, That Kentucky hails with delight the restoration of Gen. George B. McClellan to the command of the army of Virginia, and regards it as a high token that under his command the war will hereafter be prosecuted with the skill and energy necessary to bring it to a speedy and successful termination.

The war, so far, we believe, has been managed to suit Kentucky.

ON the 11th inst., the rebels were driven from Sugar-Loaf Mountain, in Frederick county, Md., a point of much military importance. The loss on either side is not stated.

PEARSON HALL, an English ship owner, who has been active in running the American blockade, has suspended payment, in consequence of difficulties in realizing returns from the chivalry.

BRIG. GEN. THOMAS L. KANE, late Colonel of the Bucktail Rifles, is ordered to report to Gen. Casey for duty with the provisional brigade.

CAPT. BARTLETT is out in a card to-day denying the statement from Havana, that Mr. and Mrs. Oviedo of "diamond wedding" celebrity, had agreed to disagree—in other words, that they had separated, and that the lady was about to leave for New York. Capt. B. is the father of the lady, and he certainly ought to know.

OVER 200 companies from different parts of the state offered their services by the next day to the Governor in compliance with the order calling forth the freemen of Pennsylvania. Many of the companies went at once to Chambersburg.

THE rebel Jenkins's forces were defeated on the 8th inst., by six of our companies at Guyley, Va. Our loss was one man. The enemy's loss unknown.

GEN. HEINTZELMAN.—We learn that Gen. Heintzelman has been assigned to the command of all the troops in the field on the other side of the Potomac in front of Washington. The fortifications around Washington are under the command of Gen. Fitz John Porter.—*National Intelligencer.*

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

The leading English journals are mainly occupied with Garibaldi and the Italian question, which, it was feared, might lead to complications with France, and was therefore of more immediate interest than our own "quarrel," three thousand miles off. Nevertheless, the latter has a fair share of attention, and (what is particularly noticeable) there is a marked mildness of tone toward the north, now that reverses are coming upon us. The withdrawal of McClellan from the Peninsula and the battle of Cedar Mountain are the occurrences mainly commented on, and the latest intelligence received in England at the date of the sailing of the packet was the crossing of the Rapidan by Jackson (16th August). The Times thinks that from the past reverses the future of the conflict may be predicted; that the time has arrived for a compromise of some kind, the worst settlement being less fatal than the war. It draws a parallel between the present situation and that of England with her rebel colonies in 1781, and quotes Lord Chatham's memorable words: "You cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we do know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much." Words which (the Times says) "exactly describe the situation of the north at the present moment." It adds, "our king, government and people had to yield to the force of circumstances. These say most distinctly to the Federals, 'you cannot conquer the south.' And the Americans will have to obey their stern monitor, as we did before them."

The Globe is of the opinion that the Confederates have never had a better opportunity of achieving a very striking success. The army defending Richmond, relieved from every apprehension by McClellan's retreat, will surely be thrown forward towards the line of the Rappahannock, with the double object of co-operating in the defeat of Pope and of anticipating McClellan.

The Army and Navy Gazette describes McClellan's campaign as the most signal failure that has been seen this century. But if this remark be offensive to our national vanity, we may derive consolation from the following very just and handsome tribute to our army from the Manchester Examiner and Times:

"The battle of Cedar Mountain which was fought on the 9th inst., between the forces of Pope and 'Stonewall' Jackson, is described by the New York journals as one of the most obstinate and bloody, and in some respects one of the most important that have taken place during the war. It was obstinate and bloody, no doubt. There is no longer any occasion for the grateful shame that Americans in this country felt, when it was announced that the valorous deeds displayed in the defence and capture of Fort Sumter, including a whole day's furious cannonading, cost neither side a single life. That reproach is wiped away. The Americans know at least how to fight. Whatever faults may be found with their generalship, it must be admitted that no troops in the world ever fought better. At Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, in the battles before Richmond, and in the contests which have happened by the dozen in the valley of the Shenandoah, both north and south have shown a pluck and constancy which attest their descent from the most martial races of the old world. Considering that the bulk of the troops which McClellan handled before Richmond were soldiers of only twelve months' standing, and had never drawn a sword in actual combat till they met the Confederates at Yorktown, it is marvellous how they allowed themselves to be brought up day after day to fresh encounters, and preserved their discipline amid the disasters incident to a difficult and discouraging retreat. If the Americans have any desire at all to be ranked among the bravest nations of the world, then their desire is already gratified, and if the sword were sheathed to-morrow, they would have done enough to establish their title to military fame."

One of our bitterest enemies is the Cork Examiner, which has devoted its energies to dissuading Irishmen from enlisting in the Federal army, and sneers at Mr. Seward for "acting the part of a recruiting sergeant." Still—take it altogether—the tone of the English press generally is considerably softened towards us.

The rebel pirate "290" is reported to have received from the steamer Bahamas, off the Western Isles, iron plates, munitions of war, &c., to enable her to intercept Northern vessels as they approach the coast, and, in the absence of any port to go into, to take and destroy all ships and cargoes. She is commanded by the pirate Semmes, late of the Sumter, and is now called the Alabama.

Queen Victoria has gone to Germany.

The French Government has ordered its forces to undertake no operations in the interior of Mexico until the middle of October.

The Paris Bourse had advanced considerably under the news of the capture of Garibaldi, but again relapsed to 69f. 05c.

The details of Garibaldi's capture say that he was wounded in the thigh and foot by a bayonet. His retreat was cut off, and his unconditional surrender rendered inevitable. The resistance he offered was desperate. He has arrived at Spezzia. It is reported that his wounds are not dangerous, and are progressing favorably.

It is presumed that he will be tried and sentenced, but pardoned on account of his past services. One rumor says that the Government contemplate sending him to America.

Popular demonstration in favor of Garibaldi had been made at several places, but they had been put down.

The newspapers generally think that the event must hasten the solution of the Roman question and cause the French to withdraw from Rome.

The blockade of Sicily has been raised, and the state of siege removed.

☞ A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it's only a *beau* knot."

NEWS ITEMS.

ROCKET BRIGADES.—In the memorable battle of Leipzig, the rocket proved a valuable and powerful weapon. When the British army, under Wellington, crossed Adour in 1814, a rocket corps did great execution among the enemy's artillery, exploding their ammunition and stampeding their horses. The rebels have an immense force of cavalry, where the rockets could be used with great effect.—*Public Ledger.*

IT would appear that Philadelphia with a population of 565,531 is required to furnish 33,414 soldiers, while the State of New Jersey with a population of 672,031, is only to furnish a trifle over 25,000, viz.: fifteen regiments of three years' men, and 10,472 nine months' men. From all the data ascertainable, the above appear to be the correct figures.—*Public Ledger.*

GEN. WOOL is assigned to duty north of the Susquehanna.

THE Columbia (S. C.) Guardian says that Gen. Beauregard, on reporting for duty, was assigned to that Department which includes Charleston and its defences.

REBEL journals say that at Manassas the Federals lost eight cannon and 10,000 prisoners.

WHAT THE RUSSIAN MINISTER THINKS OF OUR ARMY.—M. Stoeckl, the Russian Minister, after watching our troops as they marched past on their way to Rockville the other night, said that we had the finest army in the world, but that no soldier could do his duty who carried so much luggage on his person. Twice as much, he said, as a Russian soldier was allowed to carry, and far more awkwardly and inconveniently placed than his load. Sixty wagon loads of knapsacks were sent back from the front recently. This forms a fitting corollary to the Russian Minister's criticism.

WHITE INDIANS.—We are informed that a daughter of Mr. Colgrove, of Clinton Junction, who was married and removed to Minnesota some time since, and settled near Red Wing, returned to her father's house a few days ago. While riding near their residence, in Minnesota, she and her husband met the sheriff of the county, who informed them that he had captured three Indians. Suspecting some deception, they washed the faces of the captives and found one of them to be a white man painted. The sheriff and his party hung the scoundrel on the first tree they came to without delay or ceremony.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

JOHN N. MAFFIT, the commander of the Confederate ship Florida, which is reported as cruising in the Gulf, was brought up in Salem, Conn. He is a son of John N. Maffit, the well-known Methodist revival preacher.

BLACK BRIGADE.—In Cincinnati, on the 11th inst., every colored man not engaged in the classes of business excepted in the order of Major-General Wright, was required to be present at a certain locality, prepared to proceed at once to work on the fortifications.

GILPIN, the Union candidate for Mayor of Wilmington, Delaware, has received 912 votes, against 273 for Quiuby, regular Democrat.

THE despatch respecting Secretary Stanton declaring he had been superseded by Gen. Halleck as Secretary of War, is denounced by the agent of the Associated Press as a forgery; it was sent with a sinister purpose.

THERE are 14,000 Indians in Minnesota, of which 7,200 are Sioux. These last only have been engaged in the late massacres.

THE St. Johnsbury Caledonian learns, that as Dr. Hughes of Glover, was treating a person for diptheria, and while in the act of cauterizing the throat of the patient, in the effort of coughing, she threw up a piece of matter which lodged upon his hand. His hand soon became inflamed, the poison extended to his body, and he died in a few days or hours.

THE English journals are in doubt whether the late International Chess Congress in London has proved Herr Anderson or Paulsen the greater chess player. The former, however, won the first prize of £100. Immediately after the award, a match was arranged between Anderson and Paulsen, which lasted a fortnight, and in which two games were drawn and each won three.

H. ALEXANDER, the color bearer of the Tenth New York regiment, received three terrible wounds in a recent engagement, but clung to his colors with a tenacious grasp. While being taken into the hospital he became insensible, and an attempt was made to take the flag away, but his unconscious hand held it more powerfully than before.

HAMILL, who won the boat race is not an Englishman. He says that he was born, and always lived in Pittsburg, but his parents were Irish.

THE men composing the companies under the call of the Governor should provide themselves with a blanket, plate, knife, fork, tin cup, spoon, haversack, and last, though not least, a gun and sixty rounds of ammunition to suit the calibre of their pieces. It will be impossible for the state to furnish arms to so large a number of men.

NEWS FROM RICHMOND.—The Richmond Dispatch of the 5th and 6th inst. states that the Confederate force now operating against Washington is 150,000 men, and they are determined now to take the Federal metropolis. They estimate the Federal force for the defence of Washington at 250,000. *Jeff. Davis* has issued a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving for their recent victories at Bull Run. At those battles Gen. Trimble was shot in the foot, and Gen. Ewell was badly wounded in the knee.

MR. Wm. Saunders, of Germantown, Pa., an experienced and accomplished scientific and propagating gardener, well known for his excellent taste and ability in his profession, has been appointed by Commissioner Newton, at the head of the Propagating Gardens, in Washington, connected with the Department of Agriculture, in place of John Stephenson.

TOBACCO IN BUCKS COUNTY.—Messrs. Calvin C. Hamilton and Jacob D. Myers, of Point Pleasant, have sent to this office a stalk of tobacco plant, raised by them, measuring five feet two inches. A single leaf measures over three feet in length and fifteen inches in breadth. These gentlemen have over two acres of this plant growing luxuriantly and bids fair to prove a profitable crop. As the war in Virginia will operate seriously against the raising of tobacco there, no doubt greater quantities of it will be raised hereafter in this state, which in some of the counties bordering on Maryland is considered a profitable crop.—*Doylestown Democrat.*

THE REPORTED ENLISTMENT OF SEAMEN IN GERMANY.—It is not true that any agent of this government has applied to any German state for enlisted seamen to serve in the navy.

A MORAL POLICE.—The ladies of Dowagiac, Michigan, have formed a ladies' moral police, to stop liquor selling and midnight devilry.

THE FIRST DRAFT.—The draft, in accordance with the recent order, was first put in operation in Hartford, Conn.

JOHN ROSS, the chief of the Cherokees, accompanied by three relatives, recently paid a visit of ceremony to the Secretary of the Interior, and afterwards had an interview with the President.

GEN. Reynolds is to assume active command of all the forces raised for the defence of Cumberland Valley and Harrisburg.

SOME sixty or seventy vessels of all classes now in the waters of the Chesapeake and Potomac are to be discharged.

LETTER FROM GEN. McDOWELL.

A COURT OF INQUIRY DEMANDED.

WASHINGTON, Sept., 11, 1862.

To His Excellency, the President:—I have been informed by a Senator, that he has seen a note in pencil writing, by a Colonel of Cavalry, mortally wounded in the recent battle, stating, among other causes, that he was dying a victim "to McDowell's treachery," and that his last request was that this note might be shown to you. That the Colonel believed this charge and felt his last act on earth was a great public service, there can, I think, be no question.

This solemn accusation, from the grave of a gallant officer, who died for his country, is entitled to great consideration, and I feel called on to endeavor to meet it as well as so general a charge from one now no longer able to support it can be met. I therefore beg you to please cause a court to be instituted for its investigation, and in the absence of any knowledge whatever as to the particular act or acts, time or place, or general conduct the deceased may have had in view, I have to ask that the inquiry be without limitation, and be upon any point and every subject which may in any way be supposed to have led to this belief; that it may be directed to my whole conduct as a General Officer, either under another or whilst in a separate command. To my correspondence with any of the enemy's commanders, or with any one within the enemy's lines. To my conduct and the policy pursued by me towards the inhabitants of the country occupied by our troops with reference to themselves or to their property. And further, to any imputations of indirect treachery, or disloyalty towards the nation or any individual having, like myself, an important trust. Whether I have or have not been faithful as a subordinate to those placed over me, giving them heartily, and to the best of my capacity, all the support in my power, and whether I have or have not failed, through unworthy personal motives, to go to the aid of, or send reinforcements to, my brother commanders.

That this subject of my alleged treachery or disloyalty may be fully inquired into, I beg that all officers, soldiers or civilians, who know or who think they know of any act of mine liable to the charge in question, be allowed and invited to make it known to the court. I also beg that the proceedings of the court may be open and free to the press from day to day.

I have the honor to be very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed) IRVIN McDOWELL,
Commanding Third Army Corps, Army of Virginia.

Death of Col. Brodhead—His Inculpation of Pope and McDowell.

The following is an accurate copy of the letter written by Col. Brodhead in his last moments to his brother and sister:—

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—I am passing now from earth, but send you love from my dying couch.

For all your love and kindness you will be rewarded.

I have fought manfully, and now die fearlessly. I am one of the victims of Pope's imbecility and McDowell's treason.

Tell the President, would he save the country, he must not give our hallowed flag to such hands.

But the old flag will triumph yet. The soldiers will regild its folds, polluted by imbecility and treason. John, you owe a duty to your country. Write, show up Pope's imbecility and McDowell's infamy, and force them from places where they *can send* brave men to assured destruction.

I had hoped to have lived longer, but I die midst the ring and clangor of battle, as I could wish.

Farewell! To you and to the noble officers of my regiment I confide wife and children.

THORNTON.

The above was addressed by Col. Thornton F. Brodhead, First Michigan Cavalry, when dying from wounds received in battle near Centreville, Saturday, Aug. 30, to his brother, John M. Brodhead, and wife, Washington city. It was written within the rebel lines, in pencil, upon a piece of discolored paper, apparently torn from an old account book, and was stained here and there with drops of blood from the mortal wound in his left breast. Col. Brodhead was forty years of age, and born in New Hampshire. His father was the Hon. John Brodhead, of that state. Col. Brodhead was a lawyer of high respectability and fine talents. For the past twenty years he has resided and practiced law in Detroit.

GEN. POPE IN LANCASTER.—Gen. Pope was at Lancaster on Monday of last week. He was heartily cheered, and in response said:

Citizens of Lancaster:—I thank you for your kind reception, and regret that I have no cheering news to tell you; but I still live in hope that Pennsylvania will not be invaded. The troops under my command fought well, and among none fought better than the Pennsylvanians. We did all that men could do, but we were not supported by the Government as we should have been.

The following from the Journal of Commerce, in correction of an allegation recently put into currency against Gen. McClellan, corresponds, the National Intelligencer says, with information in its possession:

"We have received numerous inquiries on the subject of the accusation that Gen. McClellan refused to forward supplies to Pope, and the recent appointment of the General to the high command he now holds seems not to have been sufficient to stop the circulation of the misstatement. We have the best authority for declaring the whole allegation untrue. Gen. McClellan had forwarded all his cavalry to Gen. Pope, even to his own body guard, and sent forward the supplies with an infantry escort, asking and expecting a cavalry escort to meet them. The whole foundation of the story was in the fact that he sent forward the request for this cavalry, although the supplies were actually in motion."

THE FREMONT ARMY SCHEME—THE SECRETARY OF WAR CONDEMNS IT.—The correspondence between the National War Committee of New York, J. C. Fremont, and the Secretary of War, is published. The first contains the resolution of the said committee requesting Gen. Fremont, if the Government would sanction it, to take command, with Gen. Mitchell, of an army corps of 50,000 men, to be raised from the different states; to which the Secretary of War replies that Gen. Mitchell has been assigned a command, and that the raising of volunteers in New York has been assigned to the Governor, who is faithfully performing his duty, and no reason exists for interfering with him. The authorizing of a military officer of high rank to raise an army corps would be productive of disorganization, and the War Department cannot consent that any major-general should organize a separate command.

THE sunken vessels at Hampton, Newport News, Gosport, and in James river, are being raised. The Cumberland is to be raised whole. If possible, the Merrimac will also be raised whole.

THE GRAIN CROP.

The following statistics are derived from the last census reports:—

WHEAT, RYE AND CORN PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1860.

States.	*Wheat.* Bushels.	*Rye.* Bushels.	*Corn.* Bushels.
California	5,946,600	51,000	324,800
Connecticut	34,400	618,700	2,050,800
Delaware	913,000	27,300	3,892,400
Illinois	24,159,500	981,300	115,906,800
Indiana	15,219,100	400,300	69,641,600
Iowa	8,433,300	170,000	41,117,000
Kansas	168,500	3,900	5,078,800
Kentucky	7,394,800	1,055,300	64,043,600
Maine	383,980	123,300	1,546,000
Maryland	6,103,500	519,000	13,445,000
Massachusetts	119,800	388,000	2,157,000
Michigan	8,813,200	494,200	12,152,100
Minnesota	2,195,800	124,300	2,987,600
Missouri	4,227,600	203,300	72,892,200
New Hampshire	339,000	126,300	1,414,700
New Jersey	1,763,100	1,430,500	9,723,300
New York	9,081,100	4,797,000	20,001,000
Ohio	14,932,600	656,100	70,637,100
Oregon	322,400	2,700	74,600
Pennsylvania	13,035,200	5,474,800	28,196,800
Rhode Island	1,100	28,300	550,000
Vermont	431,100	131,000	6,463,000
Wisconsin	15,812,600	888,500	7,565,300
Territories	1,007,400	11,200	2,737,200
Total bushels	159,816,500	18,803,100	549,786,700
Seceded States.	*Wheat.*	*Rye.*	*Corn.*
Alabama	1,222,500	74,000	32,761,300
Arkansas	955,300	77,000	17,758,700
Florida	2,800	21,800	2,824,500
Georgia	2,545,000	115,600	30,776,300
Louisiana	29,200	12,800	16,205,800
Mississippi	579,500	41,300	29,563,700
North Carolina	4,743,700	426,800	30,078,600
South Carolina	1,285,600	89,100	15,065,600
Tennessee	5,409,900	285,200	50,748,300
Texas	1,404,300	98,000	16,521,600
Virginia	13,129,100	944,000	38,360,700
Seceding states	31,367,000	2,733,100	280,655,100
Other states	139,816,500	18,803,100	549,786,700
Totals, 1860	171,183,500	20,976,200	830,451,800
Totals, 1850	100,486,000	14,186,800	592,071,000

The relative values of these three products in the loyal and the seceding states may be represented as follows:—

	Wheat at $1.25.	Rye at 75 cts.	Corn at 50 cts.
Loyal states	$174,770,000	$14,103,000	$274,893,000
Seceding do.	39,209,000	1,630,000	140,332,000
Total, 1860	$213,979,000	$15,733,000	$415,225,000
" 1850	125,607,000	10,641,000	296,035,000

From this official return it would appear that New York, which was in 1830-40, one of the leading wheat producing states, has now become the seventh, and is about on a parallel with Michigan in the article of wheat. It is manifest that the West and North-West must become the future granary for the supply of the Eastern states and of Europe, while other states giving more attention to other crops, neglect the cereals. The production of the whole country per head, according to the census of 1840-60, having been as follows:—

Year.	Population.	Wheat Product.	Bush. per Capita.
1840	17,069,453	84,823,000	5.12
1850	23,191,876	100,485,000	4.33
1860	31,445,089	171,183,000	5.44

While the surplus of the year 1860 must have been large, there is no doubt that the production in 1861 and 1862 has been much larger, probably exceeding two hundred millions of bushels of wheat. In 1851, the value of breadstuffs exported, amounted to $14,556,000. In 1856 it was $50,619,000. In 1860 it was down to $27,500,000, and yet our breadstuffs and provisions exported in 1861 had increased to $94,866,000. These facts show conclusively that the United States are capable of producing wheat and corn to such an extent as will enable us to become a creditor nation in our trade with European countries. The gold of the Pacific, the breadstuffs of the West and North-West, will, together, contribute to reinstate public credit and individual enterprize whenever the end of the war shall arrive.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTH.—The Wheeling Intelligencer gives the following account of an interview with a refugee from the South:

He showed us a pair of boots worth in Richmond twenty-five dollars. They would be worth three or four dollars here. And he says that everything else is sold in proportion. He told us that he had not had a drink of coffee for several months, and that it was quoted at $3 per pound, and none in the market. He says that butter was a dollar and a quarter per pound, bacon one dollar, salt forty cents, and but little to be had. He says that unless the rebels succeed in opening up a supply from the north or through the blockade, that it is not possible for them to get through the coming winter. Everything in the way of clothing is fully played out, and it is their conviction that delay is death that is now goading on the rebels to cross the Potomac and invade Maryland.

Morris tells us that the people where he has been are wearied and tired of the war, and wish it had never begun. He says that nearly every man around Harrisonburg curses South Carolina in their private conversation, as the author of all their woes, but they do not dare to say much more. The reins are drawn very tight on public opinion, and every man who is suspected has a rough time of it.

WHAT RAW TROOPS DID.—The Cincinnati Commercial thus speaks of one of the Indiana regiments in the battle at Richmond, Ky.:—"The 69th Indiana—a perfectly raw regiment, just marched from the harvest fields of Indiana—under command of Col. Korf, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Ohio, was ordered as a support. The regiment on the extreme left was then staggering under a terrific fire from superior numbers, and the 69th was obliged to move across an open field which was raked by the rebel artillery. But Col. Korf brought his gallant Hoosiers to a charge bayonets, and dashed across the field unfalteringly, men falling at every step; but the noble fellows closed up with the steadiness and fidelity of veterans. Their conduct is described as magnificent, and it was the more praiseworthy since the brave fellows were scarce three weeks from the corn-fields and threshing floors of Indiana. Their devotion saved the army at that moment. Had they faltered an instant their comrades in front would have been broken."

GEN. STEVENS' LAST WORDS.—One of the color guard took up the flag, when the General snatched it from him. The wounded Highlander at his feet cried, "For God's sake, General, don't *you* take the colors; they'll shoot you if you do!" The answer was, "Give me the colors! If they don't follow now, they never will;" and he sprang forward, crying, "We are all Highlanders; follow, Highlanders; forward, my Highlanders!" The Highlanders did follow their Scottish chief, but while sweeping forward a ball struck him on his right temple. He died instantly. An hour afterward, when taken up, his hands were still clenched around the flag staff. A moment after seizing the colors, his son, Captain Hazard Stevens, fell wounded, and cried to his father that he was hurt. With but a glance back, that Roman father said: "I can't attend to you, now, Hazard. Corporal Thompson see to my boy."—*Tribune.*

GARIBALDI'S DEFEAT.—If, as John Keats wrote in his preface to "Endymion," that wonderful first poem, "there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object," Garibaldi must now be a most unhappy man. The particulars have not yet reached us, but there is no questioning the fact that Garibaldi's endeavor to make Rome the capital of the Kingdom of Italy has wholly failed, that he is wounded and a prisoner, and that, for the present, Rome will continue in the military occupation of Napoleon's armed myrmidons. Garibaldi will not long remain a prisoner, of course. Victor Emmanuel, whom he served so well in the wars of 1859 and 1860, *cannot*, even if he wished, commit such an outrage as to use that brave man harshly. Garibaldi's greatest suffering will be the consciousness of having failed in a great effort, and this, to a gallant man, is a sad thought. Seeing that there is no present occasion in Italy, perhaps Garibaldi may now turn his steps to America.—*Philada. Press.*

THE LOUISIANA NEGRO REGIMENTS.—Recent advices from New Orleans say:—The regiment of colored freemen (Native Guard) authorized by Gen. Butler will probably be full in a few days, and a second one will also soon be ready. Lieut. Col. S. H. Stafford, late Deputy Provost Marshal and Sheriff of New Orleans, is to be the Colonel commanding the first regiment, Native Guard. The other field officers are not yet decided upon. Colonel Stafford is a New York lawyer, was a strong Breckinridge man in 1860, went out as a Lieutenant Colonel of the original Ellsworth Fire Zouaves, and resigned that office for a position on Gen. Butler's staff. He is a man of unquestionable courage, perfect independence of the opinions of others when he thinks he is right, and of excellent military ability and energy. The best evidence of his moral courage is his accepting the command of this regiment.

CUMBERLAND GAP.—LOUISVILLE, Sept. 12.—Two soldiers who have just returned from Cumberland Gap, report that General Morgan has made a foray through the rebel lines, and captured a provision train and cattle enough to subsist his army for sixty days. He also captured the rebel General Austin and sixty soldiers.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm but quiet; sales reach some 7000@8000 bbls at $4,75@5,25 for superfine, the latter for choice Lancaster county; 5,25@5,50 for extra, and $5,75@6,25 for extra family, selected Ohio at the highest figures, including 2000 bbls on terms kept private, and 1500 bbls City Mills extra also taken at a private bargain. The receipts and stocks continue light, and the sales to the trade moderate at the same figures for superfine and extras, and from $6,50 to 7 ₱ bbl for high grade family and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce and selling at $3,50@3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for and dull, and only some 600@700 bbls Pennsylvania meal found buyers at $3,12½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a steady demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, and prices are fully sustained and firm, with sales of 65,000 bus to note at $1,25@1,31 for common to prime western and Pennsylvania reds, mostly at $1,30, in the cars; $1,31@1,33 for Pennsylvania, afloat; $1,34@1,35 for southern do., and $1,35@1,53 for common and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is unsettled and lower, with sales of new at 68@70c, and old at 73@75c. Corn is quiet, and only about 26,000 bus found buyers at 70c for prime yellow, afloat, and 71c for white. Oats are in better demand, and all offered found buyers at 35@36c for new southern, 37@38c for Pennsylvania, and 58@60 for old, the latter by weight. Barley and Malt remain quiet.

PROVISIONS—There is more demand for Beef and Pork, with sales of the former at 12@15 for western and city Mess, and $11¼@13 ₱ bbl for the latter, including 1,500 bbls. Pork taken within these rates. Bacon is scarce with further sales of bagged Hams at 10@12c for plain and fancy cured, 5½@5¾c for Shoulders and 5¾@6c for Sides. Green Meats are also scarce with a small business to note at 8@8¼c for Hams, 4¾@5c for Shoulders and 5½@5¾c for Sides in salt. Lard is steady at 9¼@9¾c for bbls and tierces, and 10c for kegs, with sales of 1,300 pkgs at these figures, and the offerings light. Butter moves off at 9@12c for packed, and 12@14c for roll, and the demand fair. Cheese is worth 8@9c ₱ lb. Eggs are better and selling at 13@13½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The more favorable news from abroad has excited and unsettled the market for this staple; the sales have been limited to some 250 bales, taken in small lots at from 50 to 59c cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES are steady with limited sales of both kinds.

BARK is more inquired for, and 1st No 1 Quercitron is in good demand at $33 ₱ ton; the receipts are light. In Tanners' Bark there is no alteration.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is worth 38c ₱ lb.

COAL—Orders come in freely and the market is steady at the late advance, the scarcity of vessels, however, checks business, and there is not much doing for the season.

COFFEE is quiet, with a few small sales only to note at 21½@22½c for Rio, and 23@23½c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is dull, but Yellow Sheathing Metal has advanced to 24c.

FEATHERS are dull, and good Western are quoted at 38@40c ₱ lb, and the demand limited.

FRUIT—Green fruit is plenty, and selling freely. Peaches command 50c@$1 ₱ basket, and Apples $1@1,50 ₱ bbl.

HAY is selling at 65@67c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP remains inactive, the stock being mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—Old are dull and lower, with sales at 17@19c. Small sales of new are reported at 18@20c ₱ lb.

IRON—There is a moderate inquiry for Pig Metal at previous quotations, with sales of about 1000 tons Anthracite at $25 for No I, and $24 for No 2, on time, including 500 tons hard Iron at $21, cash. In manufactured there is a fair business doing, at fully former rates.

LEAD is firm but quiet.

LUMBER—There are no noticeable changes in the market, and a moderate business doing in the way of sales.

MOLASSES continues inactive, and a small business to note in Cuba at 26@30c for clayed and Muscovado, on time.

PLASTER is arriving slowly, and prices are better, with sales at $2,75@3 ₱ ton, closing at the latter rate.

RICE is scarce and firm, and the sales limited at 6¼@6¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS are quiet, and prime Clover is scarce and wanted at 6½ ₱ bus. Timothy is better, and selling in a small way at $1,75@2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed comes forward slowly, and brings $1,80@1,90 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Both Brandy and Gin continue in limited request and firm. N. E. Rum is held at 45@47c, and the sales small. Whiskey has been quiet, barrels selling in lots as wanted at 33@33½c—the latter for prime Ohio—and Drudge at 31c.

SUGAR—The market has been steady but very inactive, and the week's sales only reach 300@400 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 8¼@8½c on time, including some New Orleans at 9¼c cash.

TALLOW is quiet, and the sales limited at 9½c for country, and 10¾@10¾c for city rendered.

TOBACCO—There is very little stock here to operate in, and the market is firm and on the advance.

WOOL is unsettled, with sales to some extent, at 65@75c for low and medium quality, and 57@60c for fine, the market closing dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1681 head. The prices realized were from $6,50 to 8,50 ₱ head. 70 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ₱ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 3,25 ₱ head. 400 Hogs sold at $4,25 to 4,75 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

SPEECH FROM GEN. LEE.—Having captured a few prisoners in Maryland, General Lee gathered them around him, and proceeded to show to his Yankee audience how there must needs be two confederacies upon this continent, and that it was useless as well as impossible to attempt to prevent such a contingency. He informed them that an immense army of two hundred thousand men were moving over into Maryland, the power of which the North could not withstand; and hence he deduced the foolishness of endeavoring to fight any longer against the confederacy, and advised them to give their paroles and go home. They accepted his proposal, without assenting to the argument by which he endeavored to persuade them, and came back to relate their experience and go home.

NATURAL CURIOSITY IN A DYING MAN.—It was a bright thought that of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what his disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said:—"My friends, after I die, make a post mortem examination and find out what ails me; for, really, I have heard such long and learned discussions on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

THE Lynchburg Republican (rebel) "regrets to learn that our noble commander General Robert E. Lee, was accidentally injured a few days ago. He was holding his horse, when the animal became frightened, and, jerking suddenly, threw the General to the ground, breaking one of the bones in his left hand, and spraining the right wrist. His injuries are painful, though not serious enough to detain him from duty in the field in this great crisis of our history."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. BAKER, to Miss EMMA MILLER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, ROBERT B. DOUGLASS, to MARY LYONS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Mullen, Mr. JOHN W. EVERHAM, to Miss WILLIAMINA S. TAPPER, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. GEORGE H. HOFFNER, to Miss SARAH S. KESSLER, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. Robert J. Parvin, MORRIS HACKER, to ISABEL, daughter of Geo. D. Wetherill.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN H. CURRY, to Miss ROSANNA SCHWEIGERT, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. D. Patton, Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON, to Miss SARAH HENDERSON, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ANTONI LANGE, to Miss MARGARET GRIFFIN, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, the 9th instant, Miss HANNAH L. SCHELL, in her 28th year.

At Astoria, Long Island, Friday, Sept. 5, WILLIAM M. infant son of Saml. B. and Jane F. Cawley, aged 2 months.

On the 9th instant, of injuries received by a collision on the Philada., Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad while on duty, MACKEY DIVINE, Co. B, 23d regiment P. V., in his 20th year.

At Baltimore, on the 9th instant, from a wound received at White Oak Swamp, June 30th, WILLIAM H. GORTMAN, Co. I, 69th regiment P. V., son of Abraham and the late Nancy Gortman.

On the 9th instant, at St. Louis, Mo., JOHN H. HELMUTH, son of the late John K. Helmuth, of this city.

In Lancaster, on the 9th instant, Col. GEORGE MAYER, in his 82d year.

On the 6th instant, Mr. THOMAS FENINGTON, in his 57th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY W. LANE, in her 74th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARGARET L. ELLIOTT, in her 87th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH FINNESSEY, relict of the late Jas. Finnessey, aged 53 years.

On 1st-day, 7th instant, CLAYTON LUKENS, in his 68th year.

On the 6th instant, HERODIAS, wife of William Dawson, in her 39th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 13, 1862.

Alabama	60 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	½ dis.	North Carolina	80 dis.
Indiana	1 to ½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	2 to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

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PAIN, GRAVITY, MAGNETISM.

These are no times for anything but facts. And at length a fact is known in medicine; it is this—that pain is relieved and disease cured by

PURGATION WITH BRANDRETH'S PILLS

This is as much a fact in medicine as that the magnet is a fact in navigation, or that gravity is a fact in astronomy, or that light is but heat rarified, but which a piece of glass can condense into heat again.

But the great fact of the present day is that

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

invariably open the bowels, and that all the humors which cause pain are controlled by natural affinity by this

GREAT MEDICINE.

IMPORTANT TO THOSE LIVING IN FEVER AND AGUE DISTRICTS.

Mr. John Pudney, Springfield, Union Co., New Jersey

Wit and Humor.

LOVE AND LUNACY.

The following love songs were written by an inmate of the Utica Lunatic Asylum. They are about as absurd as some of the poems written by college students:

Gally the tiger cat tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed,
"Lady bird, lady bird, wilt be my bride?"
She for the elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she hadn't dined;
Carried a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank notes and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met in the whale
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger cat coolly hugged him to death.
Then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thy own crocodile whistling for thee,"
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he!

Lively, lovely Isaline,
Dancing o'er the moon so green
Freckled is thy now black hair,
Sparkling through the spangled air.
While their harps the dolphins play,
Lo! thou skimm'st the milky way;
Wilt thou be the mackerel's queen?
Lively, lovely Isaline!
Blighted, plighted Isaline!
Mournful croak the cats serene;
Howl the gold fish, mew the frogs,
Weep the shrimps, and purr the dogs;
All thy pets with rapture say:
"Our lady will be wed to-day."
But canst thou love a fish so green,
Blighted, plighted Isaline?

Twinkle, twinkle little girl
How thy nose is out of curl!
Up above thy chin so high,
Like a lamp post in the sky.
When the verdant sun has gone,
And the stars their hair have done,
We will hire a lawyer's dray
And gallop over the sea so gay.
Then will feast on codfin chops,
Pea-green prawns, and lollipops;
Hunt the skipper, catch the croup,
And fill our shoes with myrtle soup.

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.

[That distinguished wit, "Orpheus C. Kerr," seems to be rather unfriendly to the President's Colonization scheme, judging from the following travesty—which is certainly very funny, whatever else may be said of it:]

The other day I went down to Accomac again, to see the General of the Mackerel Brigade, who had invited me to be present while he made an offer of bliss to a delegation of that oppressed race which has been the sole cause of this unnatural war, and is, therefore, exempted from all concern in it.

The General, my boy, was seated in his temporary room of audience when I arrived, examining a map of the Border States through a powerful magnifying glass, and occasionally looking into a tumbler, as though he expected to find something there.

"Well, old Honesty," says I affably, "what is our next scheme for the benefit of the human race?"

He smiled paternally upon me, and, says he:

"It is my purpose to settle the negro question in accordance with the principles laid down in the book of Exodus. Thunder!" says the General, with magisterial emphasis, "if we do not secure the pursuit of happiness to the slave even, we violate the Constitution, and become obnoxious to the border communities."

I was reflecting upon this remark, my boy, and wondering what the Constitution had to do with the book of Exodus, when the delegation made its appearance, and caused the room to darken perceptibly. Not to lose time, the General waved his hand to the visitors to be seated, and, says he:

"You and we are different races, and for this reason it must be evident to you, as well as to myself, that it is better you should be voluntarily compelled to colonize some distant but salubrious shore. There is a wide difference between our races: much wider, perhaps, than that which exists between any other two races. Your race suffers very greatly, and our race suffers in suffering your race to suffer. In a word, we both suffer, which establishes a reason why our race should not suffer your race to remain here any longer. You who are here are all present, I suppose."

A voice—"Yes, sah."

"Perhaps you have not been here all your lives. Your race is suffering the greatest wrong that ever was; but when you cease to suffer, your sufferings are still far from an equality with our sufferings. Our white men are now changing their base of operations daily, and often taking Malvern Hills. This is on your account. You are the cause of it. How you have caused it I will not attempt to explain, for I do not know; but it is better for us both to be separated, and it is vilely selfish in you (I do not speak unkindly) to wish to remain here in preference to going to Nova Zembla. The fact that we have always oppressed you renders you still more blameable, especially when we reflect upon the fact that you have never shown resistance. A trip on your part to Nova Zembla will benefit both races. I cannot promise you much bliss right away. You may starve at first, or die on the passage; but in the Revolutionary War General Washington lived exclusively on the future. He was benefitting his race; and though I do not see much similarity between his case and yours, you had better go to Nova Zembla. You may think that you could live in Washington, perhaps more so than you could on a foreign shore. This is a mistake. None but white army contractors and brigadiers on furlough can live here.

The fertive isle of Nova Zembla has been in existence for some time, and is larger than any smaller place that I know of. Many of the original settlers have died, and their offspring would be still living had they lived long enough to become accustomed to the climate. You may object to go, on account of your affection for our race, but it does not strike me that there is any cogent reasons for such affection. So you had better go to Nova Zembla. The particular place I have in view for your colonization is the great highway between the North Pole and Sir John Franklin's supposed grave. It is a popular route of travel, being much frequented by the facetious penguin and the flowing seal. It has great resources for ice water, and you will be able to have ice cream every day, provided you supply yourselves with the essence of lemon and patent freezers. As to other food I can promise you nothing. There are fine harbors on all sides of the place, and, though you may see no ships there, it will be still some satisfaction to know that you have such admirable harbors. Again there is evidence of very rich bear hunting. When you take your wives and families to a place where there is no food, nor any ground to be cultivated, nor any place to live in, the human mind would as naturally turn to bear hunting as to anything else. But if you should die of starvation at the outset, even bear hunting may dwindle into insignificance. Why I attach so much importance to bear hunting is, it will afford you an opportunity to die more easily than by famine and exposure. Bear hunting is the best thing I know of under such circumstances.

You are intelligent, and know that human life depends as much upon those who possess it as upon anybody else. And much will depend upon yourselves if you go to Nova Zembla. As to the bear hunting, I think I see the means available for engaging you in that very soon without injury to yourselves. I wish to spend a little money to get you there, and may possibly lose it all; but we cannot expect to succeed in anything if we are not successful in it.

The political affairs of Nova Zembla are not in quite such a condition as I could wish, the bears having occasional fights there, over the body of the last Esquimaux governor; but these bears are more generous than we are. They have no objection to dining upon the colored race.

Besides, I would endeavor to have you made equals, and have the best assurance that you should be equals of the best. The practical thing I want to ascertain is, whether I can get a certain number of able-bodied men to send to a place offering such encouragement and attractions. Could I get a hundred tolerably intelligent men, with their wives and children, to partake of all this bliss? Can I have fifty? If I had twenty-five able-bodied men, properly seasoned with women and children, I could make a commencement. These are subjects of very great importance, and worthy a month's study of the paternal offer I have made you. If you have no consideration for yourselves, at least consider the bears, and endeavor to reconcile yourselves to the beautiful and pleasing little hymn of childhood, commencing—

"I would not live alway,
I ask not to stay."

At the termination of this flattering and paternal address, my boy, the delegation took their hats and commenced to leave in very deep silence; thereby proving that persons of African descent are utterly insensible of kindness, and much inferior to the race at present practicing strategy on this continent.

Colonization, my boy, involves a scheme of human happiness so entirely beyond the human power of conception, that the conception of it will almost pass for something inhuman.

Yours, utopianically,
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

"EXEMPT BY REASON OF PHYSICAL DISABILITY."—A few days ago a great stalwart fellow was bantered into an enlistment office not a thousand miles from Wisconsin street. He presented as complete a picture of health as nature (who had much practice at the work) can get up. In answer to the inquiries of the surgeon, he proved to be the identical fellow who had all the ills that flesh is heir to. "Have you ever had fits?" asked the surgeon. "Yes, sir." "What kind?" "All kinds." "Have you ever had the itch?" "Yes, sir." "A bad cough?" "Yes, sir." "Horrors?" "Yes, sir." "Troubled with the asthma a little, ain't you?" "Yes, sir." "And the liver complaint?" "Yes, sir." "And you sometimes faint from weakness?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well," said the surgeon, with his ear to the giant's breast, where the great heart and lungs could be heard like a mighty forge welding health and turning out blood and vitality, "well, sir, you are just the man we want, then!" "Here's your certificate." The look of well-mixed horror and astonishment that followed would have baffled an artist to paint.

QUESTION BY MRS. PARTINGTON.—"Do you think people are troubled as much with fleabottomary now, doctor, as they used to be before they discovered the anti-bug bedstead?" asked Mrs. Partington of a doctor of the old school, who attended the family where she was staying. "Phlebotomy, madam," said the doctor, gravely, "is a remedy, not a disease." "Well, well," replied she, "no wonder one gets 'em mixed up, there is so many of 'em. We never heard in old times of trousers in the throat, or embargoes in the head, or neurology all over us, or consternation in the bowels, as we do now-a-days. But it's an ill wind that don't blow nobody good, and the doctors flourish on it like a green baize tree. But of course they don't have anything to do with it—they can't make 'em come or go."

☞ It is said that a man came very near dying in California by putting on a pair of clean stockings and drinking a glass of cold water—an experiment he had not tried for many years. We know a good many men who run no risk of ever suffering from either experiment.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

ARTIST! (Photographic).—"You've rather a florid complexion, sir, but (producing a flour dredger to the old gentleman's horror) if you'll take a seat, we'll obviate that immediately."

CHARGES AT WATERLOO.

From his own memory of Waterloo, as one who was in the fight, Captain Gronow, of the British Royal Guards, thus describes the charge of the French cavalry upon the British square:

About four P. M. the enemy's artillery in front of us ceased firing all of a sudden, and we saw large masses of cavalry advance; not a man present who survived could have forgotten in after life the awful grandeur of the charge. You discovered at a distance what appeared to be an overwhelming, long moving line, which, ever advancing, glittered like a stormy wave of the sea when it catches the sunlight. On they came until they got near enough, whilst the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath the thundering tramp of the mounted host. One might suppose that nothing could have resisted the shock of this terrible moving mass. They were the famous cuirassiers, almost all old soldiers, who had distinguished themselves on most of the battle-fields of Europe. In an almost incredibly short period they were within twenty yards of us, shouting "*vive l' Empereur!*" The word of command, "Prepare to receive cavalry," had been given, every man in the front ranks knelt, and a wall of bristling steel, held together by steady hands, presented itself to the infuriated cuirassiers.

I should observe that just before this charge the Duke entered by one of the angles of the square, accompanied only by one aid-de-camp, all the rest of his staff being either killed or wounded. Our commander-in-chief, as far as I could judge, appeared perfectly composed, but looked very thoughtful and pale. He was dressed in a grey great-coat with a cape, white cravat, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a large cocked hat *a la Russe*.

The charge of the French cavalry was gallantly executed; but our well-directed fire brought men and horses down, and ere long the utmost confusion arose in their ranks. The officers were exceedingly brave, and by their gestures and fearless bearing did all in their power to encourage their men to form again and renew the attack. The Duke sat unmoved, mounted on his favorite charger. I recollect his asking the Hon. Lieut. Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, upon which Stanhope took out his watch, and said it was twenty minutes past four. The Duke replied, "The battle is mine; and if the Prussians arrive soon there will be an end of the war."

The Duke's famous, "Guards, up and at them," is restored, or almost restored, by Captain Gronow's recollection of the incidents of the last charge at Waterloo:

It was about five o'clock on that memorable day, that we suddenly received orders to retire behind an elevation in our rear. The enemy's artillery had come up *en masse* within a hundred yards of us. By the time they began to discharge their guns, however, we were lying down behind the rising ground, and protected by the ridge before referred to. The enemy's cavalry was in the rear of their artillery, in order to be ready to protect it if attacked; but no attempt was made on our part to do so. After they had pounded away at us for about half an hour they deployed, and up came the whole mass of the infantry of the Imperial Guard, led on by the Emperor in person. We had now before us probably about 20,000 of the best soldiers in France, the heroes of many memorable victories. We saw the bear-skin caps rise higher and higher as they ascended the ridge of ground which separated us, and advanced nearer and nearer to our lines. It was at this moment the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line; these are the precise words he made use of—"Guards, get up and charge!"

We were instantly on our legs, and after so many hours of inaction and irritation at maintaining a purely defensive attitude—all the time suffering the loss of comrades and friends—the spirit which animated officers and men may be easily imagined. After firing a volley as soon as the enemy were within shot, we rushed on with fixed bayonets, and that hearty hurrah peculiar to the British soldier.

It appeared that our men, deliberately and with calculation, singled out their victims; for as they came upon the Imperial guard our line broke, and the fighting became irregular. The impetuosity of our men seemed almost to paralyze their enemies. I witnessed several of the Imperial Guard who were run through the body, apparently without any resistance on their part. I observed a big Welshman, of the name of Hughes, who was six feet seven inches in height, run through with his bayonet and knock down with his firelock, I should think, at least a dozen of his opponents. This terrible contest did not last more than ten minutes, for the Imperial Guard was soon in full retreat, leaving all their guns and many prisoners in our hands.

EVIL DAYS.

Superstition has always set apart certain days as good and others as evil. Friday is the most ill-omened day in the calendar, and there are many who still believe that the fifth day in the week exerts a baneful influence upon fresh resolves and new enterprises. The Finns never begin anything of importance on Monday or Friday. Lord Burghly in a letter to his son, admonishes him against three Mondays. His lordship specifies these evil Mondays, and assigns a sufficient reason for regarding them as unlucky:—

"The first Monday in April which day *Caine was born and his brother Abel slaine;* the second Monday in August which day *Sodome and Gomorrah was destroyed;* and the last Monday in December, which day *Judas was born*, that betrayed our Saviour, Christ."

DR. CHANNING AND THE SKEPTIC.—A skeptic visited the late Rev. Dr. William E. Channing, and told him that he could not reconcile the terrible denunciations in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew with the meekness and compassion of the Saviour. "Let us know," said the great preacher, "what in particular troubles you," and taking up the New Testament he began to read the passages, with the sweet solemnity of his voice. He had not proceeded far before his critic said—"Ah, if the Saviour denounced in a tone like that, I have nothing more to say."

THE PRICE OF PAINTINGS.—A well-vouched story is told that Reynolds asked three hundred guineas for his pictures of the Cardinal Virtues, and he refused the offer of three hundred pounds, saying that he would rather die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession, than part with them for less than the price he had named.

And Reynolds did die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession; and the Cardinal Virtues were sold at Christie's, in the days of old Christie, for *fourteen thousand pounds!*

Agricultural.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for twenty-four hours, and they are very frequently fallible guides, particularly when they point to *settled fair*. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.—*Exchange.*

CURING PORK.

A French chemist has lately asserted, that scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless saltpetre be used in the curing; that salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal heat be entirely parted with before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently closely to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any time project above the surface of the fluid; if this occur, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork.

The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that it is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water.—*Working Farmer.*

VALUE OF ROOTS COMPARED WITH GRAIN.—J. C. Taylor, of Holmdel, N. J., in a communication to the Country Gentleman, says: From all my experiments, taken in combination with many published values, I consider five pounds of turnips equal to one pound of corn, and eight pounds of turnips fully equal to one pound of oil-cake." This comparison has special reference to the value of the substances named for feeding sheep. Mr. T. thinks—and some experiments which he has made support the conclusion—that when mutton is worth twelve cents per pound (as the best frequently is in New York and Boston,) turnips are worth one-fifth of a cent per pound for making it.

HOW TO DESTROY SNAILS AND SLUGS.—Salt and lime is a great annoyance to these intruders. A pinch of the former will very soon kill them, while a sprinkling of the latter, which they would not pass for a trifle, will keep them at a respectful distance. It is not an uncommon practice to sprinkle a little fresh lime over young crops, according to the old adage, "prevention is better than cure." It will, however, be necessary to repeat this two or three times a week, as, after it has been on the ground for a little time and become moist, it will lose all its properties, and the culprits would return and devour your plants with impunity.

A WRINKLE ABOUT THE AGE OF HORSES.—After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid; and, every year thereafter, he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get it.

Useful Receipts.

GREEN CORN IN WINTER.—Those who are fond of green corn during the winter do not all know that it may be preserved by packing it tightly in casks or barrels, and covering it with a brine strong enough to keep cucumbers. The corn should be taken with the husk on. Corn thus prepared, if kept covered with brine, will keep in good order for a year or more, and will be sufficiently fresh for the table when boiled.—*Pittsburg Post.*

TO PRESERVE CIDER.—The following receipe, for preserving cider, was tested last fall by a friend, and found to be all that is claimed for it:—"When the cider in the barrel is in a lively fermentation, add as much white sugar as will be equal to a quarter or three quarters of a pound to each gallon of cider, (according as the apples are sweet or sour,) let the fermentation proceed until the liquid has the taste to suit, then add a quarter of an ounce of sulphite (not sulphate) of lime to each gallon of cider, shake well and let it stand three days, and bottle for use." The sulphite should first be dissolved in a quart or so of the cider before introducing it into the barrel of cider.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PREPARING GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and set it for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared, will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass made in the same manner is an excellent cement for leather.

BOILED QUINCES FOR THE DESSERT.—Quinces not pared, simply boiled in fair water till tender, and eaten with butter and sugar, like dumplings, form a delicious dessert for the dinner table. They should be taken upon the plate and crushed with the fork, and simply buttered and sugared. As to beauty, nothing can surpass them; they retain their form, and are as bright as a dish of oranges.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 29, 18, 19, 20, 18, 31, 7, 19, 6, 31, is a city in the North of Spain.
My 19, 13, 20, 13, 19, is a city in the North of France.
My 26, 4, 11, 11, 6, 13, is a country in Europe.
My 3, 1, 2, 6, 7, 23, 7, 13, is a country in Africa.
My 7, 21, 23, is a river in Siberia.
My 24, 7, 9, 27, is a city in Italy.
My 30, 24, 6, 30, is a lake in the United States.
My 29, 13, 14, 21, 10, 26, 27, 14, is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 6, 26, 26, 7, 10, 23, 6, is one of the Western States.
My 17, 13, 6, 5, 18, 5, is an island south of China.
My 6, 6, 15, 6, 18, is a country in Asia.
My 23, 7, 28, 12, 10, 13, 5, 15, is a city in Maine.

My whole is the saying of every true and loyal patriot. M. F. RINEHART.

Cottage Home, Frederick Co., Md.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I think you live beneath a roof
That is upheld by me,
I think you seldom walk abroad,
But my fair form you see.

I close you in on every side,
Your very dwellings pave,
And probably shall go at last,
With you into the grave.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A dictionary explaining all the arts.
To acquire knowledge.
An interjection
To clean out a gun.
An adverb of manner.
A general term comprising all large guns.
To change for the better.
One of the Linnæan classes.
An executioner.

G. W. TUCKER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the diameter of the three largest equal circles that can be inscribed within an equilateral triangle, whose sides are 324 feet.

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Barnesville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer and rule is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a New York milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Ans.—Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

☞ What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder? Ans.—A fillet (fill it).

☞ When may a ship be said to be ambitiously in love? Ans.—When she is making up to a pier (peer).

☞ Why is a stupid school-boy like a town in Scotland? Ans.—Because he is a dunce (Dunse).

☞ Why is the polka like bitter beer? Ans.—Because there are so many hops in it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Agnes (Agnes Strickland). RIDDLE.—Time. REBUS.—1. Violet. 2. Umber. 3. Lemon. 4. Tiger. 5. Unboard. 6. Rabbi. 7. Endive. 8. Vulture. CHARADE.—Idol. ANAGRAMS OF FEMALE NAME.—Dorothea, Georgiana, Madeline, Theodosia, Miranda, Henrietta, Annette, Cordelia, Sophia, Belinda, Antoinette, Charlotte, Catherine, Eleanor, Margaret, Martha, Mary. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—The curve is called curve of pursuit. The pigeon flew 480 yards, and the hawk flew 640 yards.

Answer to ENIGMA published July 26.—Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by example. MRS. J. A. GETMAN.

Bedford, Michigan.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM published June 7th.—A and B when nearest each other will be 1472.450 miles apart. A will have travelled 18708 miles, and B 21991.3 miles.

Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

J. Hoff differs from answer to above as follows:—Nearest distance, 1464.1 miles on a right line and 1477.45 on the surface. A travelled 18714.325 miles; B 21999.915 miles.

Still another answer, from David Wickersham, Clinton County, Ohio.—Nearest point 2021 3 10 miles, measuring on the surface of the earth. A had then travelled 5215 98-100 miles; B had then travelled 7344 35-100 miles.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. D. Young, published June 7th.—38.6274 inches.

Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to PROBLEM by Reuben Martin, published June 21st.—Number of rails required 7480; number of acres in last mentioned field 51.960.

Rock Grove, Illinois. WM. ASKEY.

Number of rails 12960; number of acres 51.8615. DAVID CROSKEY.

Bakerstown, Allegheny Co., Pa.

It will require 7482 45924 rails, and the area will be 51 acres, 151.8472 rods.

Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to S. G. Cagwin's PROBLEM, published June 14th.—20 feet, 14.1421 feet and 14.1421 feet. The angles are respectively 90°, 45° and 45°, and the area 100 feet.

Burlington, Iowa. W. W.

Answer to PROBLEM by Junior, published July 5th.—Officer's wages $15. He would travel 250 miles; time required, 25 hours.

Ashton, Clark Co., Mo. O. F. ENSIGN.

Answered also by A. MARTIN.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. W. W., in Post of August 2.—The required number of bills is 4165.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.